

# Puck

UNIVERSITY CLUB  
SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT  
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICA

WEEK ENDING MAY 5, 1917  
PRICE TEN CENTS



THE BUTTERFLY: "Everybody in the Place Is Looking at You. Why Don't You Draw Your Skirts Down?"



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# Columbia Grafonola



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Notes









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## Puck

### Slanguage

The modern Muse is overlaid  
With argot of an humbler trade:  
To such base uses are we come,  
Although 'tis said we're going some  
That Peach and Pippin, Jane and Joe  
Have spilled the beans for comme il  
faut,

And every poetaster prunes  
His versicles to snappy tunes;  
For Style's no hurdle in a Race  
Where slang is never out of place.

The verses of an elder day  
Are pickled for a roundelay  
Of antic rhymes surcharged with pep  
In praise of some dull demirep,  
Or writ to elevate the fame  
Of some past-participled dame;  
The Upper Crust is full of dough,  
But lacks the punch to make a show,  
And while the end is out of sight  
Remains to punctuate: "Good Night!"

### What He Would Like

COLLEGE PRESIDENT: Can you think of any special training that you would like to take to fit you for military service?

STUDENT: Yes. I'd like to have a half-hour's sham battle with that Prof who flunked me last week.

HE: Of course women should vote. They deserve the suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner."

SHE: "Of course their minds are cleaner, but how do you know that?"

HE: "Because they change them so much oftener."

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

## Puck



NATHAN STRAUS, JR., PRESIDENT AND PUBLISHER

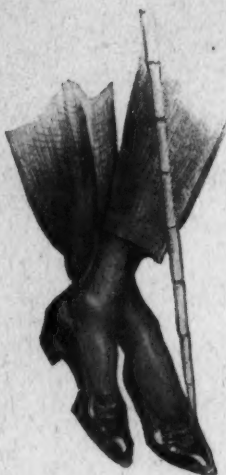
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## The Aristocrat of the Kitchen

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### "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

for Bath, Kitchen and Laundry represent the highest achievements in this branch of manufacture. Back of them is experience; the ability to lead, which is a natural product of experience.

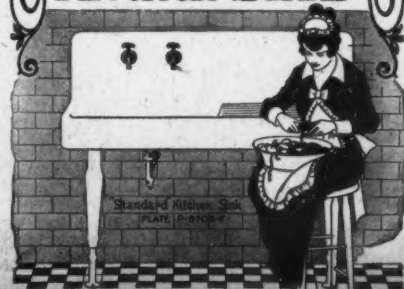
Insist that your Plumbing Fixtures bear the name "Standard". Look for the Green and Gold label. And be sure to write for the new Sink booklet—also copy of "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home."

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.  
Dept. 70 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Standard Showrooms where Standard Fixtures may be seen

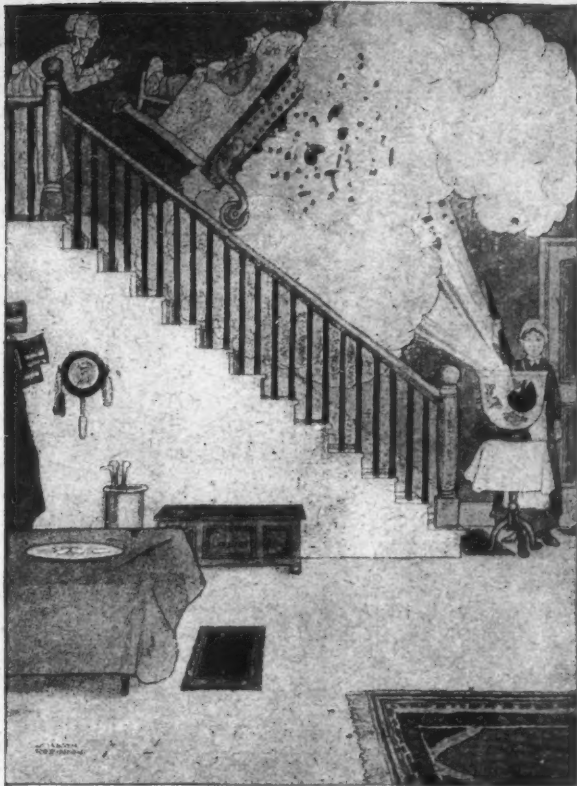
NEW YORK	35 W. 31ST
NEW YORK (EXPORT DEPT.)	50 BROAD
BOSTON	186 DEVONSHIRE
PHILADELPHIA	1215 WALNUT
WASHINGTON	SOUTHERN BLDG.
PITTSBURGH	106 SIXTH
CHICAGO	14-30 N. PEARIA
ST. LOUIS	100 N. FOURTH
CLEVELAND	4409 EUCLID
CINCINNATI	633 WALNUT
TOLEDO	311-321 ERIE
COLUMBUS	248-255 S. THIRD
YOUNGSTOWN	219 CHAPEL PLACE
WHEELING	3120-30 JACOBS
ERIE	128 W. TWELFTH
LOS ANGELES	671 MESQUIT
LOUISVILLE	319 W. MAIN
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NEW ORLEANS	846 BARONNE
HOUSTON	PRESTON & SMITH
DALLAS	1200-1206 JACKSON
SAN ANTONIO	212 LOSOYA
FORT WORTH	628-830 MONROE
TORONTO, CAN.	69 E. RICHMOND
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## "Standard" Kitchen Sinks



# WHEN PEACE COMES

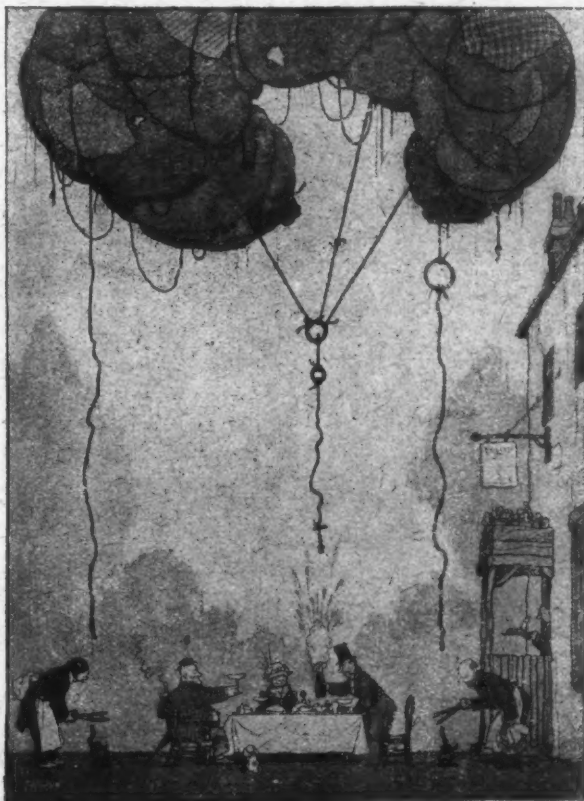
Some Suggestions as to What to Do with the Old War Material



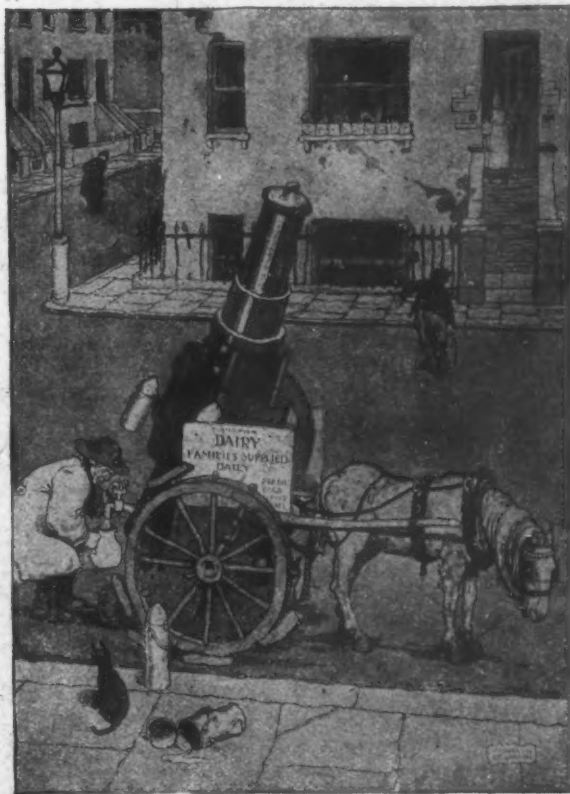
A kinder use for submarine mines: helping elderly people to mount the stairs



Using up a worn-out submarine as an aid to beginners in deep sea swimming



Employing old war balloons for drawing corks at birthday parties



A last use for the old siege howitzers  
Drawn by Heath Robinson of London



Ruck



Uncle Sam: Now I know the country is safe!

Morris



Ruck



## THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by BERTON BRALEY

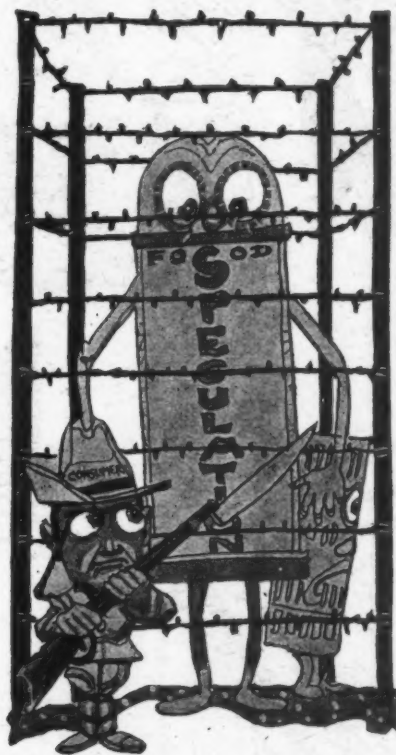
Drawings by MERLE JOHNSON

The talk of conscription's  
Been causing conniptions  
Among all the pacifist bunch,  
But though they may yammer  
With terrible clamor  
The plan will go through, that's a  
hunch.

Herb Hoover's appointed  
To take our disjointed  
And wasteful food system in hand  
With skill most omniscient,  
And make it efficient  
So famine won't threaten the land.

If food speculators  
In grain and potatoes  
Get greedy, he'll hang 'em, we hope;  
The patient consumer  
Will be in a humor  
To jerk, with a will, on the rope.

The papers are phrasing  
Advice on the raising  
Of crops on each acre's extent.  
Apartment house dwellers  
Can't raise things, poor fellers,  
While landlords keep raising the rent.



Our president's rousing  
The country from drowsing  
With words that should fire every  
heart,  
Whatever our station  
Each soul in the nation  
Can strive to be doing its part.

The British are sweeping  
The German lines, keeping  
Von Hindenberg's gang on the hop,  
To rouse British ardor  
Is hard, but it's harder  
Once stirred, to persuade 'em to stop.

John Barleycorn's troubled  
His worries are doubled,  
The dry vote is driving him on,  
Perhaps it is fated  
That he should be gated  
But—Broadway'll be dull without  
John.

French leaders and English  
Who hope to extinguish  
The Prussians are with us, by goah;  
To help us prepare in  
The job we must share in  
Of firmly kiboshing the Boche.

T. R.'s seeking action  
And Bryan, whose faction  
Was pacifist, now wants to fight;  
Bill Sunday is shouting  
"Enlist!"—there's no doubting  
The country's united, all right!



Hindenburg!



Line



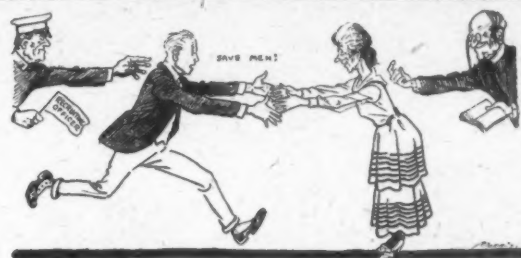
**As It Might Work**

*Incompetent Officers:* "Now, in case we make mistakes he can't bother us."





VOL. LXXXI No. 2096



WEEK ENDING MAY 5, 1917

### The Teuton's War Methods

**I**F United States troops are enlisted for service on European battlefields, their preliminary training in this country should prepare them fully for the kind of warfare they are destined to wage.

American soldiers have an age-old reputation for putting up a clean fight. The poison gas bomb, the liquid fire, the contaminated water supply, are bits of Prussian frightfulness that will come as a rude awakening to men who have always done their fighting out in the open.

The Hun enters the ring plentifully bejewelled with brass knuckles, and the opponent who plans a clean-cut combat will find himself at a marked disadvantage.

It must be remembered that in the Age of Chivalry the Hohenzollerns and their people were a wandering band of marauders, and the growth of world-enlightenment has served only to lend ingenuity to their cruelties. We have had few wars, but they have been largely wars with foes of our own social characteristics. When the American meets the Prussian, however, he will find most of the considerations of humanity thrown to the four winds, and he must learn to fight the Teuton with the latter's weapons, even though his innate sense of fair-dealing revolts at the employment of methods of warfare at which the savage might blush for shame.

France tried to fight a gentleman's battle, and so did Britain. As a result, untold thousands filled the hospitals writhing in the agonies of poisoning. To-day the British gas bomb is the most deadly missile of its kind ever hurled into a trench—adopted after violent protest in England because the other fellow couldn't fight fair.

So long as this type of warfare has been thrust upon us, let us wage it in no half-hearted manner, but be prepared at every stage of the game to give the Teuton as good as he sends, fair or foul.

### Agricultural Preparedness

**T**HE proposal to cultivate the land along the Erie Canal is a step in the right direction. Preparedness to meet a possible food crisis inevitable in a long war should begin years before the need for it is obvious. State Commissioner of Education, John H. Finley, has shown commendable foresight in urging the children of New York State to turn back yards and all patches of idle land into produce gardens.

Puck has another suggestion to make. The Catskill Aqueduct is 92 miles long and 55 miles of it runs through open farming country. The right of way is 200 feet wide, well fenced in. This provides an arable area of 25 acres per mile. Nothing but grass is grown on it at present—and for this the State gets little or no return. Of this extensive tract 1000 acres could be cultivated. It has been proposed that a guard of 1000 men be stationed to police this territory. If men with some knowledge of farming were selected to do this, they could not only keep effective watch but could at the same time cultivate it intensively. They would thus be saving themselves from the utter boredom of listlessly waiting for trouble to turn up and also performing a useful function for the state and nation. The city can furnish the necessary fertilizer and plenty of water for irrigation is at hand, if needed.

### The College Student Past and Present

**F**IVE years ago the prevalent conception of a collegian pictures a young man who flung his arms into the air and cheered at the slightest pretext. This bubbling youth was supposed to cultivate all powers except those of the mind. Serious thoughts were beyond him—and, except for the attainment of a sixty per cent dead level he had no ambition in his studies. Spiritually, too, he seemed rather stunted and underdeveloped in spite of his effervescence, with no real enthusiasms beyond his frenzy for competitive athletics. He was playful in manner and courteous toward the ladies. This, however, summed up his virtues, generally speaking, without detracting one whit from his sublime shallowness.

To-day the hurly-burly of events has demonstrated that such an evaluation of the college student is superficial. True, in time of peace he had taken a sportive view of life. There seemed no need for intensity. No great ideals presented themselves before him with enough compelling power to jar him out of his routine and arouse his potentialities. But the latent force was there waiting for the call. With the coming on of the present crisis it became apparent that among no other class was there more patriotism, more willingness to forget self for the great cause, more abnegation for the common good, greater readiness to meet the national peril by decisive action, than among our college students. Almost every higher institution of learning has its quota of men preparing zealously for military service. Young America has vindicated itself.



# Ruck



Big Sister: "Aren't you ashamed, coming downstairs undressed?"



"Wait a minute, till I endorse this check"



"You stay here, mother, as a witness. The last time I prayed for a gun I got a Bible"

## Way for the Flag

Way for the flag!  
Clear the road, there!  
No dawdling! This is business!  
What's that young man doing?  
Nothing?  
He ought to be ashamed of himself!  
Put him to work!  
Look at that automobile obstructing traffic!  
Is that engaged in helping the good work?  
What! Its occupants are merely looking on?  
Get it out of the line of march!  
Set it to doing something useful.  
See that handsome young woman.  
What is she about?  
Oh, she only wants to see the soldiers go by, eh?  
Ask her whether she knows how to knit.  
She does?  
Good! Remind her that a hint should be as good as a kick.  
This is no time for loafers!  
There's work for everybody!  
Farms, shipyards, munitions factories—  
Don't say that you can't find anything to do!  
The soldiers must have a clear path.  
Way for the flag, there!  
Way for the flag!

## At This Time

WILLIS: Why doesn't your brother-in-law join our lodge?  
GILLIS: He is afraid of the initiation.  
WILLIS: That is strange.  
GILLIS: Oh, I don't know. His name is Wilhelm Hohenzollern Zimmerman.

## The Wrong Thing

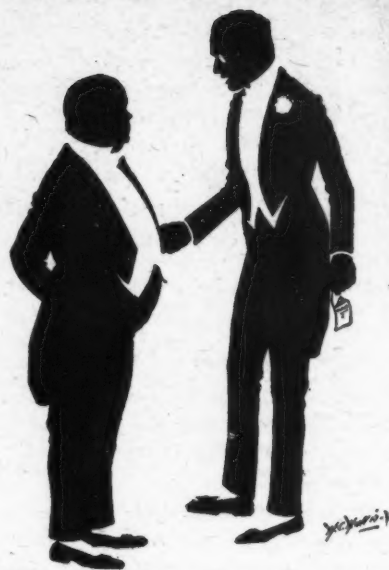
"If you were the Kaiser," queried Lerret, "what would you do?"  
"Your question comes too late," replied Yadilloh, who frankly admitted that his judgment was invariably bad. "He has already done everything I can think of."

## Playing Safe

MONROE: Does Schoenemann still sport his iron cross?  
JUDSON: Yes, but he's had it painted red, white and blue.

CLICK: Your wife said she bought her hat for a song.

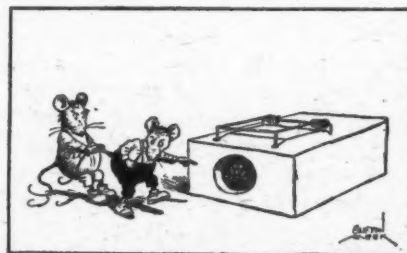
CLACK: Yes, but I had to furnish the notes.



"The doctor said he'd have me on my feet in two weeks."  
"Well, did he?"  
"He sure did! I had to sell my car to pay his bill!"



Little Girl: "Mister, please do be careful not to fall on my dog—I tied him to your ladder"



"I tell you it's a trap. I saw a man put some cheese in it!"  
"Nonsense! A man couldn't get in that hole!"

### Boosting Business in Boomton

**THE TRAVELING SALESMAN:** You boosted for the school committee to bring a pretty schoolma'am from Chicago. Why, you haven't any children!

**THE BOOMTON STOREKEEPER:** No; but I have an eye for business. As soon as the pretty teacher showed up, all the big boys began sneaking down to my store to buy hair-oil, clean collars, and scented soap by the wholesale.

### Littleton's Luck

Littleton always was a lucky man, but it does seem wonderful that his luck should stay with him to the very last.

How was that?

He was operated upon for the removal of a pearl that he had accidentally swallowed while eating oysters, and when the pearl was examined it was found to be of sufficient value to pay for both the operation and the funeral.

### Useless for a Thirst

Drinking in beauty  
Swallowing chagrin  
Tasting of sorrow  
Gulping down feelings  
Taking in the scenery  
Turning down creditors!

### As It Would Be Recorded To-day

Captain Kidd's men had been digging for two hours without success.

"I don't think," grumbled one of the pirates, laying down his pick and wiping the perspiration from his serrated brow, "there's a d——d potato buried on the hull island."

### Infinity

Since INFINITY is printed in the dictionary it is marvellous that so few are insane.

Mathematically a line without end may be projected into space.

Theoretically ten million models of the Woolworth Building may be carved from the toe of an ant and each room in each model may contain a thousand lesser ants from each of whose toes ten million other models of the same building may be carved with one lonely ant in each room.

If the smallest of these lonely ants started out to crawl along the endless line projected into space it would have as good a chance of reaching the limits of space as would a lightning bolt travelling forever along the same course.



"What the devil are you laughing at?"

"Why, the man who sold me the horse, loaned me the cart"



Nurse: Look out where you are going — do you want to throw that lady off her feet?





### BLUEBEARD

*Humanity:* Sister Anne, do you see anyone coming?

*Civilization:* I see, hurrying, a mighty man, in stars and stripes

**What They Ought to Wear**  
 "Dress according to your personality."  
 —A Famous Writer on Fashions.

**GENERAL VON BISSING:** Bolero jacket of Belgian scalps and a tartan of interlaced horse-whips.

**WILLIAM J. BRYAN:** Donkey-skin pajamas.

**KING CONSTANTINE OF GREECE:** His wife's last year suit.

**WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN:** A butcher's apron, and a necktie knotted in a hangman's noose under his left ear.

**FREDERICK WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN:** Nothing.

**SENATORS STONE AND LAFOLLETTE:** Yellow hats, suits, spats, neckties, shoes and underclothes.

**THOMAS W. LAWSON:** Goat-skin.

**NICHOLAS ROMANOFF:** Soup-colored chiffon coat and trousers, decorated with ostrich feathers.

**THEODORE ROOSEVELT:** A lionskin coat, bearskin trousers, a necklace of boxing gloves, seventeen cartridge belts and a megaphone.

### The Difference

The man swept aside the mass of business papers on his desk, and in their place laid two open letters. One bore the postmark of the preceding day; the other, worn and faded from much reading, was written three years before.

Through the voluminous pages of the second letter, the man glanced tenderly and read:

My dearest Jack! . . . How blissfully hard it is for me to realize that one week from this hour we will be man and wife. . . . My life's fondest wish is to be *always* by your side, sweetheart. . . . Once we belong to each other, we shall never be separated—no! not for a single night. . . . To inspire you in your work, to throw my arms about you and kiss away the worries each evening when you return home, to cook for you with my own hands those dainties you love so well. . . . these shall be my daily pleasures, not only for the first month or the first year, but until death parts us! . . . Forever your adoring  
*Gene.*

The other letter was more brief:

Dear John: Only a few lines this week, to say that Cousin Clara has persuaded me to continue my visit another month. It is such a delightful change from my usual monotonous life! If the cook should get tired and leave, just take your meals at some restaurant. Hope business has improved, so that you can make my next check larger.

Your wife,  
*Gene.*

The man held the letters side by side, compared each word, read between each line—and shook his head.

"The difference—" he mused.  
 "What has made the difference?"

His glance slowly wandered to his left hand . . . and lingered there. He dropt the letters on the desk, a cynical smile of understanding twisting his features. On the third finger, between the second joint and the knuckle, he saw wound a thick, heavy yellow band—the answer to his question—his wedding ring—the sign of her Perpetual Ownership.

That made the difference!

### The Girl Question

**BLACK:** What is this "girl question" one hears so much about?

**WHITE:** Why, it's simply "Will you marry me?"

**WIFE:** "Big checks for dresses will not be in demand this season."

**HUSBAND:** "Thank heaven!"

# Singing

Singing is the art of shouting musically. It is difficult to say with any accuracy when shouting ceases to be shouting and becomes singing. Competent judges frequently declare certain sounds to be singing, when to many unprejudiced hearers the sounds bear a striking resemblance to a drunken brawl in a tinware factory. Many persons are allowed to go through life emitting sounds which pass for singing because of the insistence of the persons themselves that they are singers. This unfortunate state of affairs must be blamed on the people who endure it, rather than on the singers. It is human nature to claim everything in sight.

The earliest brand of singing in the world was doubtless the lone, persistent howl of primitive man as he repeated the thought that surged within him to the exclusion of all other thoughts, and insensibly fell into a rude rhythm, occasionally changing the pitch so that his tonsils wouldn't wear out. Thus we can imagine a primitive man sitting on the front porch of his cave and howling, *allegretto grazioso*. "While I was eating dinner to-night I bit my tongue and it hurts! To-night, as I ate my dinner, I hurt my tongue by biting it! Having bitten my tongue while eating dinner to-night, I suffer from the hurt!" and so on for several hours.

We can also imagine the neighbors standing around and remarking coldly: "If you feel as bad as all that, you'd better take something for it!" or "Why don't you use a little sandpaper on that voice?" or "Boy, you could make a fortune peddling fish!" or "Say, if you're going to keep that up, hire a hall: I want to get some sleep!" There was no formality to singing in those primitive days. Nobody had his voice trained at ten dollars a train; and nobody practised scales until the neighbors went mad and bit themselves



Jack: Was it you I kissed last night on the veranda?

Jill: Let me see—About what time was it?

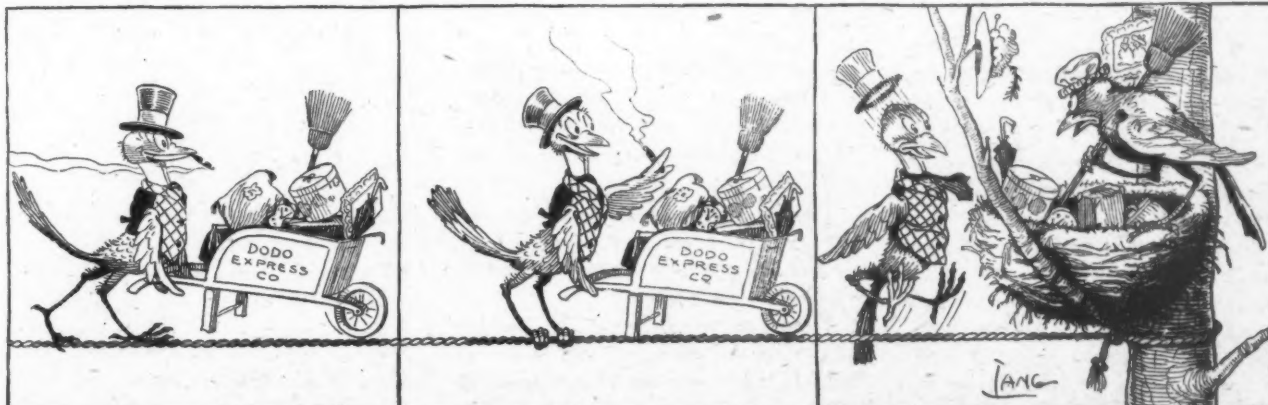
in the arms. Anyone who desired to sing simply opened his mouth and sang, at the same time placing himself in the best possible position to escape quickly in case he was assaulted.

What is more, he kept on singing until his throat became raw or until some wilier person succeeded in hitting him with a stone axe. Women seldom sang, owing to the fact that they were poor runners and dodgers, and were unable to evade the rocks which the populace tossed at people who made themselves conspicuous in any way.

To-day everything is changed. Singing is frequently practised by people who are protected from injury by law as well as by social etiquette. Young girls scarcely out of their teens squander large sums of their parents' money in a vain attempt to have the useless knobs and corners pruned from

their voices, after which they feel competent to rise to their feet at unexpected moments and inflict unintelligible songs on suffering assemblages in a decayed and sour manner. Anyone who hit a singer or a near-singer with a stone axe, a punch-glass or any other deadly instrument would be haled before the nearest magistrate, and might possibly be forced to do a little Sing-Singing on his own hook.

There is grave need of a voice-testing machine that will distinguish between genuine singing and ordinary shouting. Such a machine would confer a favor on mankind by protecting it from pseudo-singers who are convinced of their sterling ability. The only trouble with such a machine would be the fact that the folk whom it shows to be nothing but shouters will take oath that it is a prevaricator of the darkest dye.



"I've done our spring moving in one load

and didn't lose a thing"

"You did, too; you mislaid the nest egg!"





Director of Flying Ballet: Look here, Miss, you are supposed to be a humming bird, not an ostrich!

### More Work for Bill

"I see," remarked the Summer Boarder, "that alfalfa is taking the place of timothy and clover."

"Yes, darn the luck," growled the farmhand, who was paid by the month and got none of the profits. "Now we have hay harvest three times a year."



Boy (to man on banana peel): Don't go in now, mister—here comes a cop

### The Joyous Month

**M**ERRILY the gentle showers  
Murmur on the leaves and flowers;  
Moving vans increase their motions  
Ministering to wifely notions;  
Military moves affright us;  
Martial tunes and drums delight us;  
Maidens smile when airs are vernal:  
May's delights are sempiternal!

**A**UTOS whizz along the high-ways;  
Arms encircle maids in by-ways.  
Rumor wanes for city-working:  
Ah! for streams where trout are  
lurking!  
Any man finds most inviting  
All things daring and exciting.  
Apple-blossom time is play-time:  
All the world is mad in May-time!

**Y**ARDS are decked with blooms and  
grasses:  
Houses take sulphur and molasses;  
Yokels on their farms are toiling;  
Yeasts of love set blood a-boiling;  
Youngsters for their mates are quest-  
ing;  
Yellow-birds and blue are nesting.  
Yielded is the winter's sadness:  
Yea, 'tis May, and all is gladness!  
KENNETH L. ROBERTS.

### Conversation-Saver

(To be handed to the persons who call so frequently for the purpose of selling patent coat-hangers, automatic fountain-pen dredgers, Lives of the Leading Murderers in 18 volumes, teeth-wrecking candy, non-reticable shoe-laces, self-breaking lead pencils, combination napkin-rings and potato-slicers, and the many other articles which were invented to be sold but not to be utilized.)

1. How do you do. Yes, the weather is seasonable; but I have seen the sky much higher at this time of year. I'm pretty well, thank you; but if anyone bothers me, my digestive apparatus is apt to get out of kilter.

2. I appreciate the remarkable opportunity which you are offering me, but I am going to spend my money for something else—just what, I do not yet know.

3. No, I have never before examined the article which you are selling. I have no doubt that it is excellent in its way; but I don't want it.

4. Yes, I realize that this attitude may lay me open to the charge of narrow-mindedness. Really, however, I do not want the article which you are offering me. If I were going to spend that amount of money, I would spend it



Old Lady: My, what peculiar names these colored people have!

on a pair of garters, which I need badly, or a better pair of gloves than the ones I have worn for the last five months.

5. It is with regret that I must refuse your requests to buy. I know that you must live, and that you cannot do so without commissions on sales. My only reply is to suggest that you give up your present line of endeavor and take up the selling of a commodity which is more essential to the well-being of the human race—something like stoves or shoes or groceries or dry-goods.

6. Good luck and good-bye. Kindly close the door gently and do not loiter in the hallway.



Mutual Envy

## Chats with the Duchess

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

The Duchess was saying, apropos of nothing: "There has been so many articles written for us women. I want to write one for you men—on girth control." Did I imagine it, or did she really give my waistline a penetrating look?

"Most of us need it," I said. "Men don't like growing stout any more than women."

"Of course not! Why should they! Men are far vainer than women, anyhow. Let them deny it all they wish. It's a wonderful thing to be good-looking—and know it. I often wonder how many young people appreciate, and revel in, their youth while they have it? Oh, to *know* when one is standing on the peak of noon! To realize that Life is at its zenith, and that the green glory of April is at one's very door!"

"And to *know*," I added, as an anticlimax, "when one's waist-line is slim!"

"How terrible *not* to know!" the Duchess went on, just as if I had not spoken—that's a way of hers, when she wishes to put me in my place. "Not to know—that is the tragedy." She was really getting serious, and I was alarmed.

"Don't you *know* that I love you?" I couldn't help asking.

"Yes—and that is the tragedy! I wish you didn't."

"How like a woman! You know you want me to love you, and you say you don't just so that I will tell you again that I do. In other words, you want to *know*, as you put it, several times over; and yet you don't want to know. You want to—"

"Are we quarreling?" the Duchess interrupted, a dangerous light in her wonderful eyes.

"Yes, if you wish. Anything to please you, my dear!"

"Gregory, you are impossible. Oh, to *know* when you are serious!"

"But, I know," I said. "I'm serious now. I love you, and you know it. But love, like youth, may flit by. We can't always stand on that high peak of noon you spoke of. We've got to have our little ups-and-downs. If two people are in love, they're bound to quarrel once in a while. If you motor for a month, you're bound to have a puncture. I'd rather have a row in the valleys, or a puncture in the woods, than stand forever on a peak or sit forever in a garage."

"You are right my dear. I just



Movie Director: Do try to look more maternal

wanted to see if you *knew*." She smiled.

"You know I know! And you know I'm literal-minded, with no sense of humor. But thank heaven—I *know*!"

"Yes, and you know that I *know* you know you know, you know."

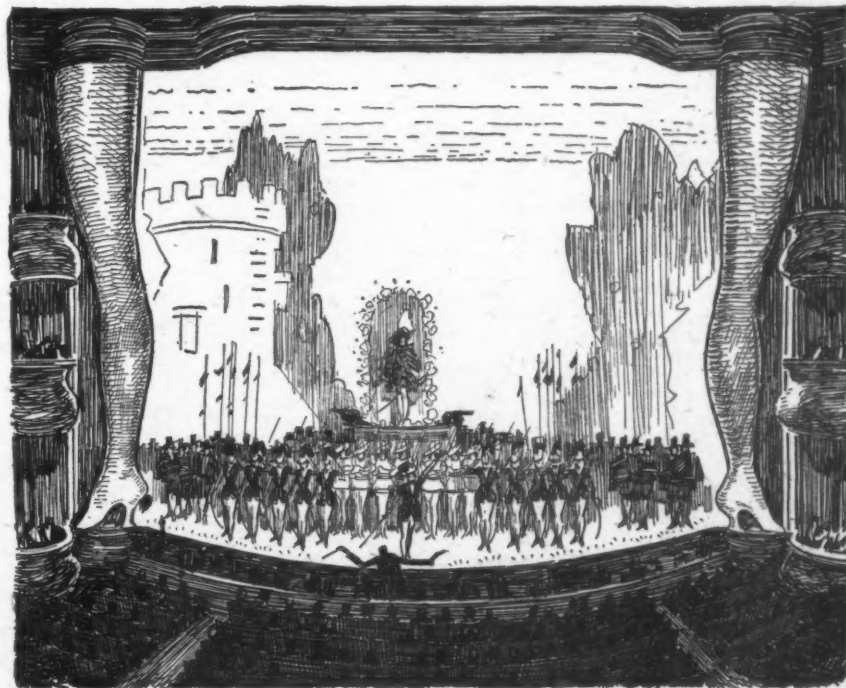
"You know!" I kissed her.

And because we are young, and on that high peak of noon, we both laughed.

## Sad News for a Departed Fan

MEDIUM: Gradually his face is becoming visible to me. . . . Ah, his lips are moving! He's exclaiming, "Come home! Come home!" Evidently he means—

SUBJECT: Probably he heard me yelling that to Dusty Kelly yesterday. Tell him Dusty hoofed it like a truck horse and was nailed a mile from the plate.



PILLARS OF THE STAGE



## Plays and Players

By Alan Dale

There was such a lavish expenditure of nicely decanted brandy—or was it cold tea?—during the performance of "The Very Minute," at the Belasco Theatre, and on the part of Mr. Arnold Daly, that the play was, at any rate, "stimulated." That it needed stimulation, dramatic perhaps, rather than alcoholic, was tolerably certain, and Daly, as the latest Belasco "star," surely did all he could. Unfortunately the copious doses of brandy that he imbibed in such a spectacular manner, cheered the role that he acted, but failed to exhilarate the luckless non-drinkers—in the audience.

\* \* \*

In plays dealing with the "coise" of liquor, the offending beverage is always alluded to as "that loathsome stuff." Its effect is invariably instantaneous—just as all the poisons with which refractory heroines kill themselves do their work unhesitatingly. In "The Very Minute" the brandy that trickled into Mr. Daly so frequently, loosened the floodgates of his eloquence with such rapidity that Mr. Belasco, in his subservience of realism, must positively have furnished some particularly reliable stage brand . . . of stage brandy. However, the "coise" of liquor in this play, seemed to me to exist in the dissertations, philosophies, and theories that it induced in its fearfully chatty hero.

\* \* \*

Really, if everybody when inebriated, talked as did the hero of "The Very Minute," I should think that Mr. John Meehan's play might be used as propaganda for prohibition. Drink made of this gentleman such a bore that one longed for his sobriety. In the end, he threw the offensive glass away, knelt down and prayed, and apparently became a desirable citizen—and I hope less loquacious—just as we went home. Daly was at his best. His clear, incisive, staccato enunciation emphasized all the playwright's points—such as they were—but the acrobatic features of this actor worked overtime, and rather spoiled the effect.

\* \* \*

Playwrights are awfully complimentary. They are so certain that their audiences are familiar with every standard work, and literary novel, that in their dramatizations, they usually

take it all for granted. Far be it from me to suggest that any human being exists who has not read "The Newcomes." If a census of the tremendous audience that greeted Sir Herbert Tree at the New Amsterdam Theatre had been taken, I am absolutely convinced—m'yes, of course I am—that not a solitary un-reader would have been found. We should have learned that every man and woman present knew "The Newcomes" by heart . . . bless 'em!

\* \* \*

Just the same, I am very glad that Mr. Michael Morton's play, "Colonel Newcome," proved to be completely intelligible as a play, even supposing that there had been some miserable illiterates who had not read the novel. It was a capital dramatization—consistent, interesting, and "reverent." A few of the critical hypercritics possibly discovered that "liberties" had been taken with Thackeray—that is always a safe thing to say of any book play, and it sounds well (just as we condemn actors for mutilating Shakespeare, and should loathe them if they didn't). However, the stupendous task of compressing Thackeray is almost unthinkable, and Michael Morton deserves to be congratulated.

\* \* \*

Sir Herbert Tree's conception of the Colonel was one of the best bits of characterization that he has ever offered us. It was played in exactly the right key—a theatrical key, of course—and it was suave, unctuous, human, and pathetic. Even the fact that the Colonel was the "star" was not made rudely apparent. It was a most modestly stellar role, and it scored. There were one or two excellent performances, and I may mention Sydney Greenstreet, Clara T. Bracy, George G. Carr, and G. W. Anson. This dramatization of "The Newcomes" is immeasurably superior as a play to that of "Pendennis" which John Drew produced.

\* \* \*

I don't blame Lew Fields for getting away from musical comedy, merry-merries and all the accompanying horrors. He is far too good an actor to waste upon that sort of thing. Of course I should be sorry to see him as Hamlet—no, I take that back; it would give me infinite pleasure—but I do not

fancy that he has any designs upon William, the Bard. In "Bosom Friends," at the Liberty, he plays a music-less part extremely well, and without any qualms. He has done this before—also without qualms. The play, by Frank Mandel, is little more than an agreeable entertainment, but Fields has surrounded himself with such an admirable company—just like the usual star, I don't think—that "Bosom Friends" has a good chance. Perhaps at this particular time, "accents" will not be as popular as they have been. The stage will be the richer for that. Dialect has always seemed to me to be a confession of weakness. Real humor can—and should—demand pure English.

\* \* \*

A dark scene, and an occasional shriek therefrom, may generally be relied upon to exhilarate a modern audience. If the sounds of falling furniture and broken lamps be added, the effect is invariably heightened. Eugene Walter, in "The Knife," at the new Bijou, uses the dark scene and the occasional shriek with marvelous effect, but these are subordinated to other "sensations." In his latest play, Walter has done his best to make a blasé metropolis sit up and take notice. He has also played for "disoussion" in various forms, and—well, he may get it Letsopeso.

One can, one has, one will chat about vivisection. It is a fertile theme for "letters to the paper" and debating societies. Walter who never naps, knows this. In "The Knife" a vivisectionist doctor—to whom the attention of the district attorney has been called—misplays his fiancée, and finds her drugged, and ruined, in a fortune teller's establishment. She has lost her memory and her honor, and is a wreck. It is the testimony of a woman physician that tells the young doctor of—the worst.

\* \* \*

At first he wants to shoot the miscreants—there are two of 'em. Then, he decides that he will use them as subjects for his serum work. One dies, the other lives. There is a cleverly sensational last act—it is always clever to maintain an audience's interest until going-home time—the experimental physician is confronted with the District Attorney, but when that astute official—or is it his assistant?—realizes all that has occurred, he merely says, "Damn the law" and the play ends—as happily as possible under the distressing circumstances.

(Continued to page 42)

# When Will the War End?

President Wilson was born.....	1856	
took office.....	1912	
has been in office.....	5	years
has lived.....	61	years
	3834	
President of France was born.....	1860	
took office.....	1913	
has been in office.....	4	years
has lived.....	57	years
	3834	
King of England was born.....	1865	
ascended throne.....	1910	
has reigned.....	7	years
has lived.....	52	years
	3834	
King of Italy was born.....	1869	
ascended throne.....	1900	
has reigned.....	17	years
has lived.....	48	years
	3834	
Czar of Russia was born.....	1868	
ascended throne.....	1894	
has reigned.....	23	years
has lived.....	49	years
	3834	
King of Belgium was born.....	1875	
ascended throne.....	1909	
has reigned.....	8	years
has lived.....	42	years
	3834	
Emperor of Japan was born.....	1879	
ascended throne.....	1912	
has reigned.....	5	years
has lived.....	38	years
	3834	
King of Servia was born.....	1844	
ascended throne.....	1903	
has reigned.....	14	years
has lived.....	73	years
	3834	
King of Montenegro was born.....	1841	
ascended throne.....	1910	
has reigned.....	7	years
has lived.....	76	years
	3834	

3834 divided by 2 equals 1917.



## THE FUNNIEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME

*We print here some of the best stories received in the \$500 prize contest. Winners' names will be announced and their stories printed in the May 19th issue of "Puck." (On sale May 14)*

### BOTH SIDES

#### Her Story

Ten years ago I was teaching a mountain school near Cumberland Gap. One day a lanky mountain boy about twenty years old stalked into school with the smaller children.

I had heard that we Northern women who were sacrificing ourselves to educate these mountaineers were sometimes annoyed by having the larger boys of the school fall in love with us. And in two days this Dave Yoakum became troublesomely amorous. In a week he asked me to go with him to the day service of a country revival. Desiring to make a study of his type, I consented.

His courting equipage was a ratty buggy drawn by a skinny mule named Beck, I believe. To this Beck his discourse was entirely addressed during the first mile of our ride. I was silent, desiring to see just how such a child of the primitive would make talk.

Not a word was I blessed with until a rabbit hopped across the road in front of us. Then, still looking at Beck, but speaking obviously to me for the first time, he asked seriously:

"I like rabbit stewed, don't you?"

I acquiesced briefly, leaving him to hold the conversational reins. Another mile was passed in silence, which must have been painful to him, though I was enjoying it thoroughly. Then another bunny scampered across the road. He gazed at it stolidly for a moment. He was evidently collecting his thoughts. Then with a face solemn and straight he asked sternly:

"Ain't the gravy good?"

I had to laugh. But he didn't see any humor in the situation. I suppose I insulted him, for, though I tried to mollify him, he preserved a dignified silence during the rest of the trip and never returned to school. I had no more trouble with pupil lovers.

—S. S., Boston, Mass.

#### His Version

The most fun I ever had was squirting romance into the life of an old-maid Yankee school teacher. A flood of them drifted down to the Cumberland Mountains from New England about the time John Fox was in his full glory, bent on civilizing us mountaineers. Most of them were as ugly as home-made sin, but Miss Sarah Stone was uglier. And the funny thing about it was that she was eternally suspicious that some of her rude, unlettered scholars would fall in love with her. All over the community she expressed the hope that no such calamity would occur.

About this time the faculty of Lincoln Memorial University generously insisted on my taking a two weeks' leave of absence. To kill my unsought vacation I rigged up as a typical mountaineer of the John Fox type and entered Miss Sarah's school.

In a week I had about worried her to death, and Sunday I asked her to drive to church with me. She pretended to consent reluctantly, but honestly I believe she'd have married a fence rail if it had had breeches on. We lit out for church behind the leanest old mule in the settlement. I confined my observations to "Git up, Beck," and "Gee thar! Whar you a goin'?"

We had gone a mile, and still she hadn't opened her mouth. A rabbit hopped across the road right in front of us. I'm not a humorist, but I made a bid for a grin. Solemn as Socrates, I observed:

"I like rabbit stewed, don't you?"

It fell flat. "Yes," she replied seriously, "I do." And no discussion ensued.

A mile more, and my face straining to grin. She must have been wondering how her mountain lover would pop the eternal question. Then another rabbit crossed.

I looked old Beck square between

the ears. Ponderously I put the question:

"Ain't the gravy good?"

She had to laugh, and I froze up like an insulted emperor. She tried to break the ice all the rest of the trip, but she doesn't know yet that I'm not back in the Cumberlands nursing a broken heart. I hope she reads this.

—D. Y., Cumberland Gap, Tenn.

#### Alpha and Omega

Some of the town girls called him Alpha and some Apollo. He was the new Greek Professor at the University, twenty-four, and handsome as a Greek—so handsome that we town girls, as he went by, would turn and kiss our hands after him. Behind his back, of course, for he was a most astonishingly serious young man and unmarried.

Omega is one of my many names which at sixteen I wore on my sleeve and which the 'Versity boys drummed into my ears. Also at sixteen I was a giddy and funsome, bubbling, living fountain of laughter, but the first night I met Alpha he put such a spell on me that I suppressed and sealed up my temperament and nonsensical humor and became, much to my surprise, the Greek Professor's Greek idol—all pose and repose. As soon as I caught the idea, it was easy, especially as I was an extremely good mimic and really very deeply in love with the serious and handsome Great Catch. That night he talked to me half an hour unceasingly, beautifully, in his earnest way and I declare I fancied more than once that he was going to propose right there.

Well, onward and after, he seemed profoundly enamoured and ever about to say the words we girls are always dreaming of—and, be sure, I played up to his ideals.

My friends were amazed. My parents lavished me with caresses. Everybody whispered, "Alpha and Omega." I heard the preacher tell mother one day: "I told you so." Certainly we were in love.

Yes, and the third time we were at the little Bridge of Sighs over Pony Brook the sun was going down. It was a dreamy and enchanting solitude with only the voices of the brook and our own.

Alpha stopped at the bridge. I thought I knew what would happen. I was convinced when he took my hand. I had beautiful hands and exquisite, much-polished, opalescent nails. I knew he adored my hands.

(Continued to next page)



Picture of the young lady who writes the articles advocating simple living for girls, and designs one-piece frocks

Abruptly he began, then spoke slowly as if groping his way:

"Let me ask you a question, dearest friend, will you? I have wanted to speak of this for quite a time and you must promise me not to be offended."

He held my hand and gently stroked my fingers. My cheeks were burning and all my pulses danced. I dared not raise my eyes.

"My dear Omega," he continued after a slight pause, "tell me, please, why you have such very—very long nails?"

Then and there, I collapsed at his feet, but even as I collapsed, I exploded. That is when my legs gave way, the lid of my suppressed humors blew off. I gulped, flopped, twitched, cackled, squealed, choked, sobbed, screamed—and I think kicked. Just hysteria, of which I knew nothing till then, but Gee-crackles! really what a downfall and what an upheaval!

I'm sure he never guessed the real cause. It was too obvious and he was so distinguished and such a very serious and serene highbrow. Doubtless he thought there was insanity in my family.

But no harm was done. He found another ideal and I married the best chum in the world.

—M. E., Richmond, Va.

### Odalisque

Some months ago, Puck reproduced Robert Henri's now famous "Odalisque," and instead of framing it, I gave it my younger brother, who paints for amusement, and he made a copy of it. The copy turned out so well, that I took my camera and photographed his copy.

Next day, as I went to get the developed films, I received a call to go to a neighboring village in a hurry. I stuck the films into my pocket and forgot them. When the train had started, I pulled them out and held them up to the light, one by one to examine them. Behind me sat two provincial looking fellows, who appeared highly interested. I heard them whispering back and forth for a few seconds, and then one of them reached over and touched me on the shoulder.

"Friend," he said, "I don't want to butt in er nothing, 'an I don't know who the girl is; but the marshal's settin' right ahind me here, an' you'd better put them things away. He's been wagin' war agin' vice fer three months now."

—E. M. T., Grand Rapids, Mich.

### He Never Goes There Any More

I am a lawyer. My wife is a lawyer also, and I might add a very clever one, too. Not a few of my brothers in the profession envy her her practice.

She takes her luncheon in the building where her office is located, while I lunch at Clark's. For more than a year a crowd of us lawyers have had a circular table at Clark's and we eat there regularly. All of us are young men except one and he has had a large flourishing practise for upwards of twenty years. I suspect that he graces our board only because his junior partners have urged him to do so, and I imagine that he is sometimes annoyed at our occasionally immature remarks. At any rate he rarely opens his mouth except for the purpose of introducing food and he keeps his eyes on his plate during the whole course of the meal.

The last time I ate at Clark's, and I intend to make it permanently the last, one of the boys remarked:

"Heard your wife plead in that Jones case this morning, Jim, she's a remarkably brilliant woman, your wife."

I thought I saw a pretty good chance to pat myself on the back.

"Women are imitative," I answered rather importantly, "and the constant association with a bright, intellectual man is sure to produce its effect."

There was no reply to this, till finally the old lawyer slowly raised his eyes from his plate.

"Well," he asked innocently solicitous, "whom do you suspect?"

—J. M. M., Denver, Colo.

### Professional Services

I was going from Minneapolis to Salina, on the Meridian Road, out in Central Kansas, when I noticed a little mud-hole at the bottom of one of the long hills. It was a perfectly innocent looking mud-hole, too. So I decided to have a try at "her." I took a running shoot, and was just congratulating myself, when, "Kerflop," and the front wheels almost disappeared in a chuck hole. I was hopelessly mired, and so I started a hunt for a log or pole to help raise the wheels out on solid ground. Then I first noticed a gawky looking farmer lad leaning over a gate that led into the field at my left, nonchalantly whittling on a long pine splinter. A big black team stood hitched to the gate beside him. It was too good to be true.

"Hey, boy," I called, "what'll you take to pull me out of this?"

He took deliberate aim at a laboring ant and spat, then looked up with slightly awakened interest and drawled, "Three dollars."

"Give you two," I offered, and he unhitched his team and slowly wandered out into the road.

With the aid of a chain, which he said he just happened to have along, he soon had my little car high and dry. Then as I paid him, I remarked, "Why don't you stick around? You could pick up some pretty good money 'till this dries up."

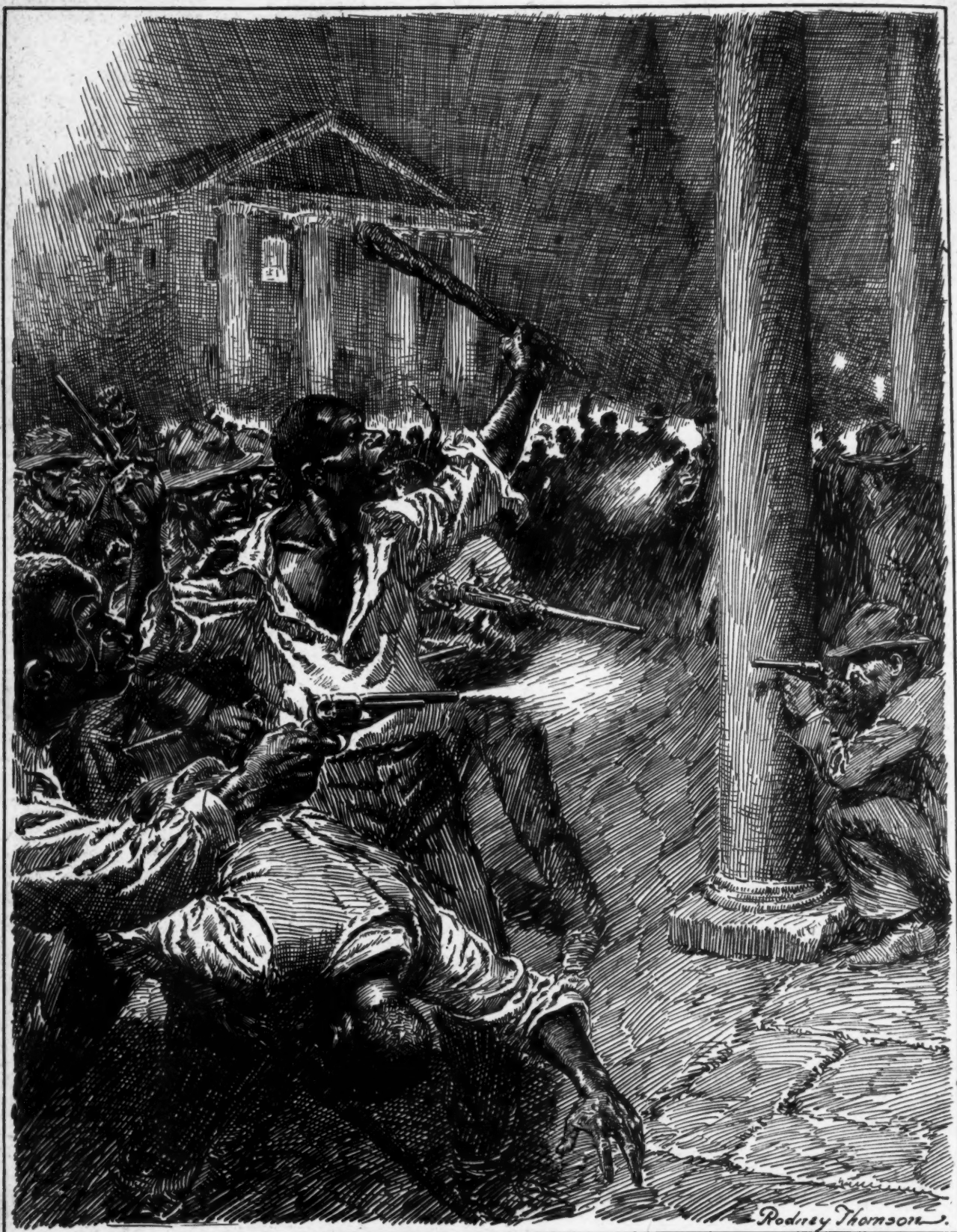
"I've bin down here every day for a couple o' weeks," he answered.

"Great guns," I laughed, "every day! That beats working. But what do you do nights?"

His reply was somewhat staggering, "Well, it keeps me purty busy carryin' down water for th' blamed hole."

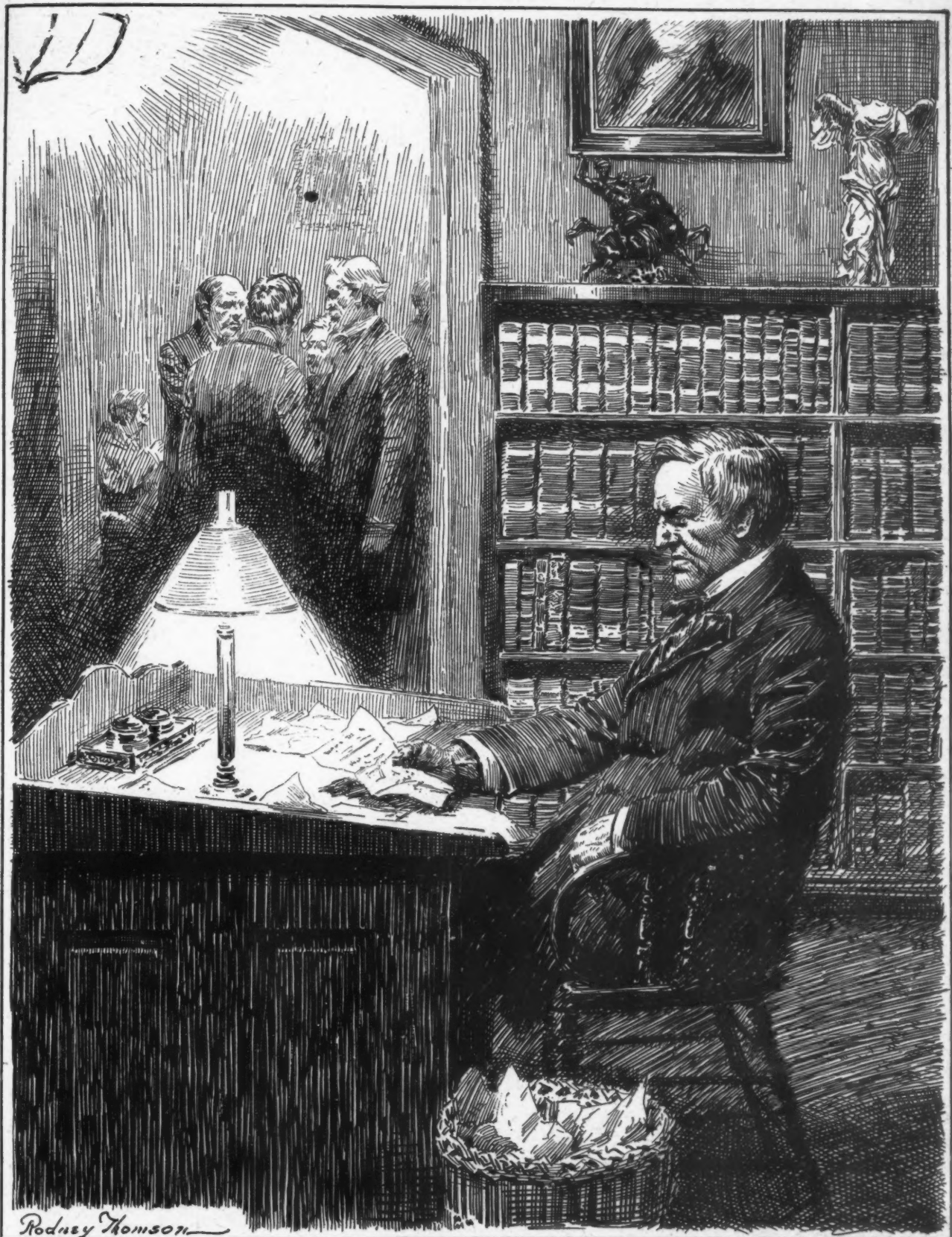
—T. F. J., Minneapolis, Kan.





See Pictorial History of America, Page 24.

Rioting in Charleston, S. C., November 8-9, 1876



See Pictorial History of America, Page 24.

Samuel J. Tilden resolves to make the sacrifice, November 1876



# Pictorial History of America

## IX

SAMUEL J. TILDEN,

The man who allowed himself to be cheated of the Presidency to save the country from Civil War.

ON the face of the returns, Samuel J. Tilden had won in the bitterest presidential campaign ever waged in America. But the triumphant shouts of a New York drunk on the wine of Democratic victory, roaring up from the streets below, were far from sweet in the ears of three men bending above an early edition editorial in the office of the leading Republican paper of the country, that midnight of November 7, 1876.

To the man in the street, the returns meant not only that Rutherford B. Hayes had gone down to defeat before their idol, Tilden, the man who had everlastingly routed the infamous Tweed ring in New York, but also that the Grant administration, a scandal and a byword for corruption, could not be perpetuated.

But to the three men gathered in the editorial rooms of The N. Y. Times, the returns had a far different meaning. Reconstruction days still gripped the South by the throat. With Tilden elected, Democracy would be in the saddle. And those three men honestly trembled for the safety of the nation. They believed the smarting Southland would take its revenge for Republican outrages.

Grudgingly, in that early edition editorial, they had conceded Tilden's election. The question was whether the admission should be continued in later editions. Was there no hope for a reversal?

"Only 164 sure for Hayes to 184 certain for Tilden," said one, in the tone of a man convinced against his will. "He needs only 185 to win. We'll have to run this, I suppose."

Given the grumpy agreement of the others, he was about to return the editorial to the press room with an official "O.K." when at that moment an interruption came in the form of a messenger from the camp of the enemy. Senator Barnum, National Democratic Chairman, sent to inquire what were the paper's latest figures on the returns from Florida and Louisiana. With the suddenness of inspiration, the face of the chief lighted up. Dismissing the messenger, he turned to his companions with a triumphant cry.

"They're not sure," he cried. "Understand? They're not sure. That's what this means"—and he slapped the Democratic Chairman's shoulder. "We'll claim everything that is uncertain for Hayes. And, maybe—well, who knows? Come on, change that editorial."

Thus was born the germ that resulted in the great conspiracy to upset a nation's vote and bar its choice from

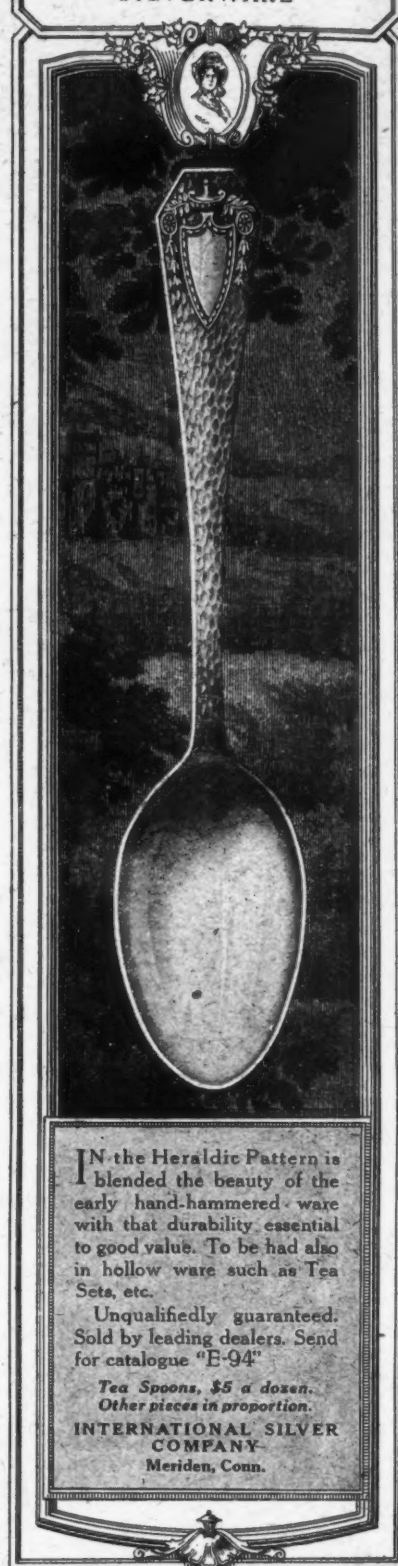
the chief magistracy, as years later Charles Reid of the *Times* publicly confessed. It was a conspiracy that made of Samuel J. Tilden the only man ever elected president by a majority of the popular vote who by chicanery was denied his right. And it brought the nation so close to civil war that only the high and manly forbearance of the defrauded president-elect saved it from being pushed over the verge.

For the next morning, The New York *Times* claimed the election of Rutherford B. Hayes, putting in the Republican column the states of South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana—which had never been Republican except during the sorry days following the war when bayonets crammed Republicanism down their throats. Not another newspaper, even the most partisan Republican sheet, claimed Hayes's election. Even the Republican President Grant, when greeting visitors in Washington the day after election, maintained there was no doubt but that Tilden had been elected.

But the editorial in the New York *Times* sowed a seed which the dark forces at work in the Republican party

(Continued to page 26)

1847—Seventy Year Plate—1917  
1847 ROGERS BROS.  
SILVERWARE

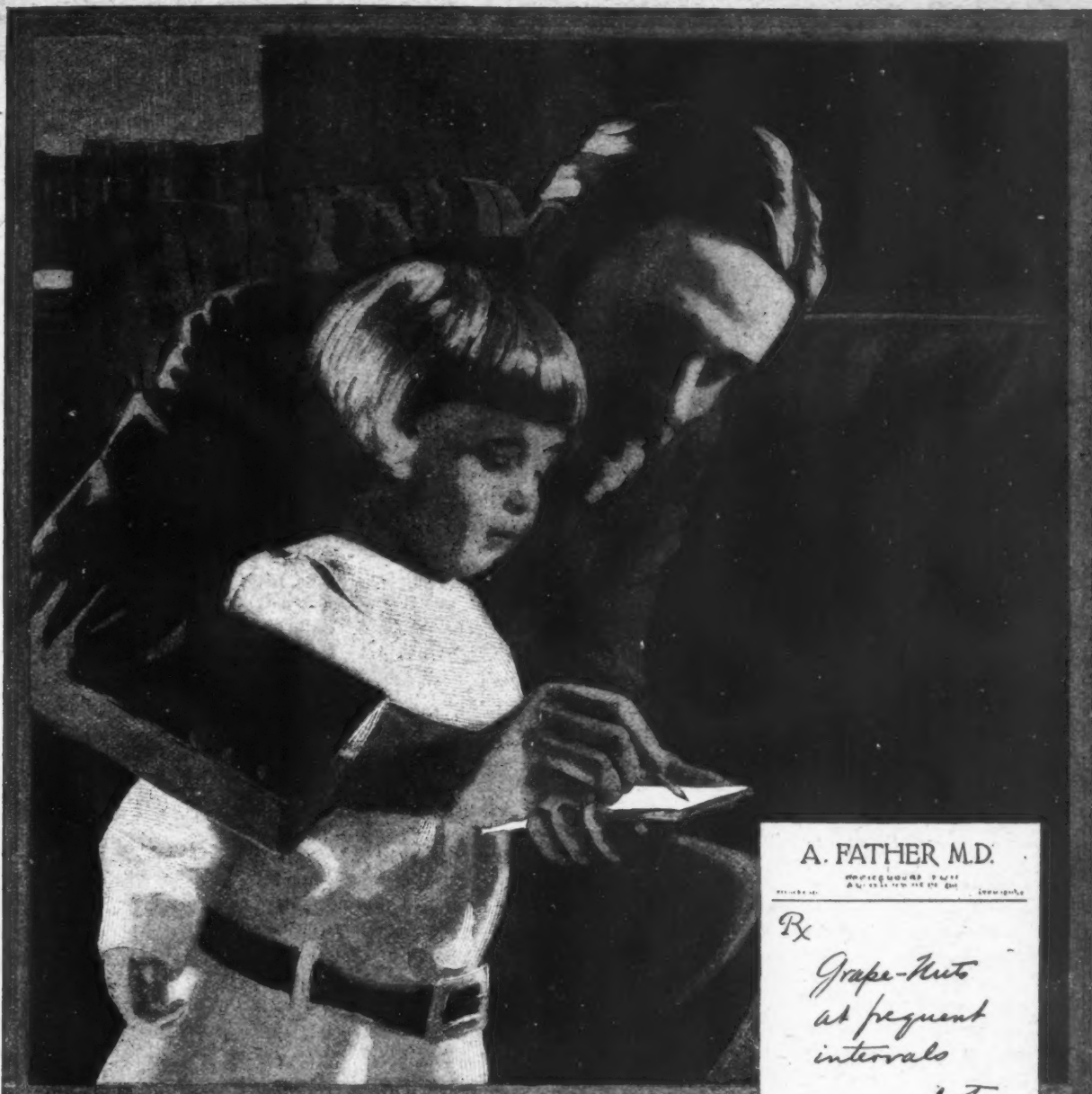


IN the Heraldic Pattern is blended the beauty of the early hand-hammered ware with that durability essential to good value. To be had also in hollow ware such as Tea Sets, etc.

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## *Physicians Know*

the kind of food that builds strength and health into children. Hundreds of letters on file show that many physicians recommend *Grape-Nuts* and cream as a regular daily ration for growing children.

***"There's a Reason"***



(Continued from page 24)

lost no time in watering. Without the word of doubt cast by the *Times*, Republican leaders later declared, they would have given up the fight. As it was, conference followed conference at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in the rooms of Zachariah Chandler, Republican National Chairman.

They ended in the despatch to Republican leaders of South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, of telegrams instructing them that *Hayes must be elected for the safety of the country*.

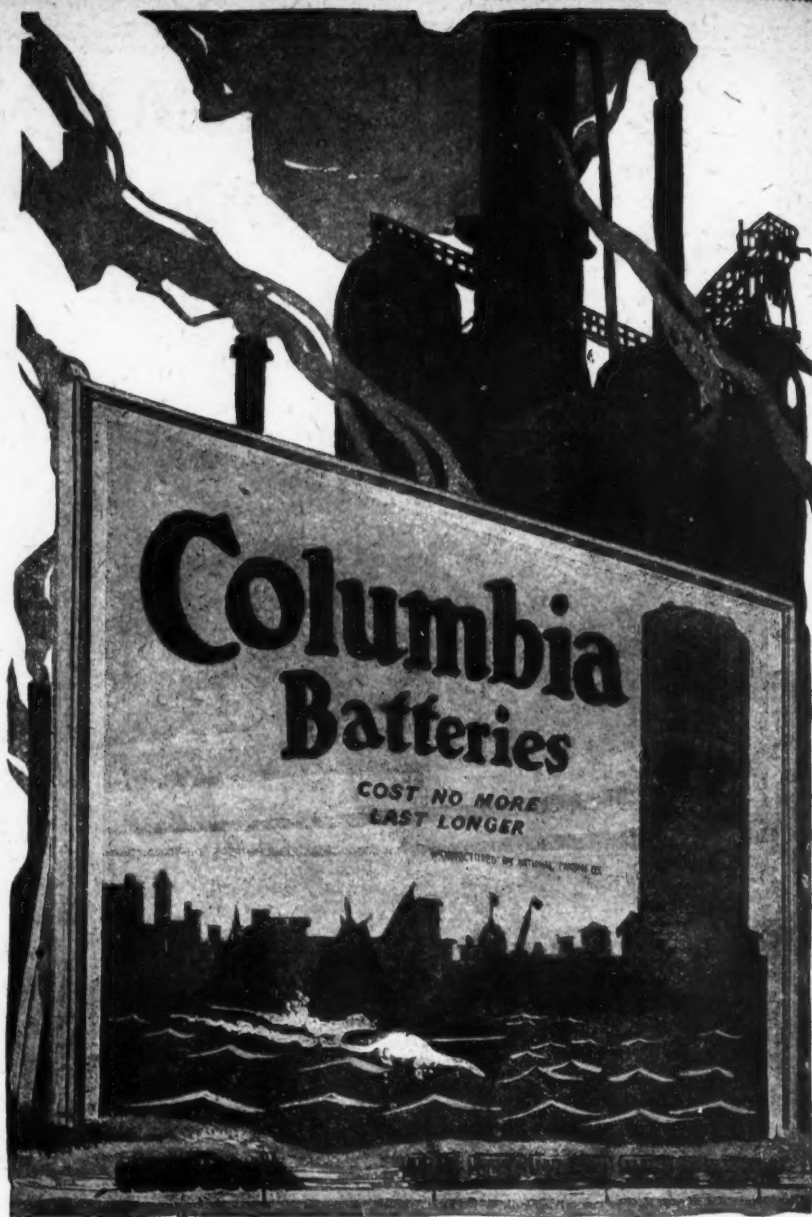
And, before many hours had passed, Chandler himself, well supplied with funds and with a drawing account arranged for behind him, was on his way to Tallahassee, the capital of Florida, while other Republican workers were flying south to Charleston and New Orleans.

To picture the tumultuous times which followed—Northern soldiers with their bayonets ringing about corrupt election officials in the Southern cities while the votes of thousands of Southern Democrats were thrown out; bloody riots in Charleston and New Orleans, soldiers firing into the mobs; rioting in New York; every power of the retiring Grant administration which had looted the national treasury in every conceivable way bent toward defrauding Tilden of the presidency, the Constitution tossed aside by the Senate so that Hayes could be seated; and, through it all, Tilden, sick and alone in his Gramercy Park bachelor quarters in New York City—calm, forbearing, clean amidst the filth—to comprehend all this, then, one must go back to beginnings.

Descendant of a sturdy Saxon family living in the Wealds of Kent as far back as 1346, tracing his lineage in this country to Nathaniel Tilden who settled in Scituate, Conn., in 1634, Samuel J. Tilden was born in Lebanon, N. Y., in 1814. He attended Yale and the University of New York, where he graduated in 1837; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in New York City in 1841. As a lawyer, he soon rose to first rank, second to none in the country.

Tall and spare, in a state of perpetual ill health, he never married, but lived alone in his Gramercy Park residence in lower New York. It was a mecca for political leaders who sought his counsel. For by 1848, he had risen into national prominence and was a leader in the Democratic party. It was the party in power at that period,

(Continued to page 28)



What you want from your dry cells is *uniformity* of service—alike today, tomorrow, always! Buy *Columbias by name* and you'll get the same fresh, lively battery *every time*.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada, Columbia Batteries are made and sold by Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

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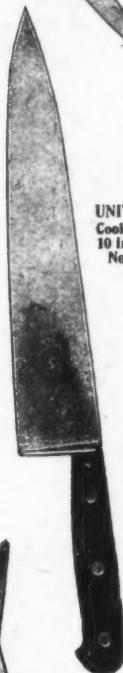
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## UNIVERSAL CUTLERY





## It's No Joke

to have your tires go bad when you're enjoying a carefully-planned tour. Nor is it a joke to dig deep into your pocket for the price of a tire or two when you have figured that you would spend a certain amount for your vacation.

## QUAKER 5000- MILE TIRES TEMPERED RUBBER

Quaker Tires are adjusted on a 5000-mile basis—they are built to give 10,000 miles. And records show that in frequent instances Quakers run 11,000 to 14,000 miles. Some Quakers have run 15,000 to 20,000 miles.

If it's **mileage** you want, talk with your local Quaker Dealer. At least try **one** Quaker.

**Quaker City Rubber Co.**  
Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from page 26)

twelve years before the outbreak of the Civil War.

Portents aplenty of that coming strife were in the air, as looking back now we can see. But they were not discerned then except by Tilden and a few others. He was derided and laughed at by a good many people, who thought him not quite right in the head on this particular subject.

Tilden understood clearly the irreconcilable nature of the forces opposed, with their lines of political demarcation following geography. Were either side to press too severely upon the other, the consequences would be civil war. Thus he believed and preached. But none heeded. Instead, the Democrats and the anti-slavery forces sought to impose their will upon each other, and laughed down Tilden's counsel of moderation. Sorrowfully, he led a bolt from the Democratic party at the Baltimore convention of 1848, when the slavery forces became too arrogant and sought to insert in the national platform a plank imposing slavery on incoming territories. Firmly, he refused to enter the newly-formed Republican party in 1856, when it raised an unbending anti-slavery front. Gradual legislation, the passage of time, the growth of emigration from non-slaveholding countries, would wipe out slavery peaceably, he held. On the other hand, the hostile array of the North in one political camp and the South in another, could have but one end, and that end war.

But everybody derided his apprehensions. Even four years later, just prior to Lincoln's election, Tilden stood so alone in his prophecy of civil strife that from the viewpoint of to-day his isolation seems utterly ridiculous. An instance of how alone he stood is related in the writings of John Bigelow, a Republican publicist of the times, and an editorial writer under William Cullen Bryant on the *New York Evening Post*.

At the end of the presidential cam-



Preparing to Ask Father

## USWOCO FABRICS

*Awarded Gold Medal Panama-Pacific  
Exposition*



## Woolens and Worsted

ALL FALL LINES  
NOW SHOWING

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Selling Agent

paign of 1860, which as was soon to be disclosed had been so bitter it had split the North and South past mending, only a few days before Lincoln's election, Tilden entered the editorial rooms of the *New York Evening Post*, looking haggard and preoccupied. A number of Republicans, intimate friends, who chanced to be present, began to chaff him about the political situation. For a time he listened without dropping his stern expression, then exclaimed suddenly and with intense emotion:

"I would not have the responsibility of William Cullen Bryant and John Bigelow for all the wealth in the sub-treasury. If you have your way, civil war will divide this country, and you will see blood running like water in the streets."

Taken aback the others did not reply, and turning on his heel he quit the office abruptly. When a few moments later, a member of his law firm called at the office for him Bigelow said pityingly:

"You had better look Tilden up at once and get him home. He is very much excited."

So little credence was placed even by thinking men in Tilden's fears that



"It was horrible, Joe. I dreamed I inherited two thousand dollars and spent it all on a sleepin' porch"

Bigelow frankly adds it would not have surprised him to have learned "within ten hours" that Tilden was a raving lunatic.

But Tilden's apprehensions were realized, and civil war arrived. Once the nation was in it, however, he more than did his part. Frequently before taking important steps, members of Lincoln's cabinet visited New York to get Tilden's advice. At other times he went to Washington and tendered his  
(Continued to page 32).

**TRANSPARENT** oven-ware was as inevitable a development as the many other refinements which the ages have contributed to modern life. The daintiness of Pyrex when brought to the table makes an instant appeal.

To be had from dealers in house-ware everywhere. Ask your dealer for booklet. Corning Glass Works, 119 Tioga Avenue, Corning, N.Y.

**PYREX**  
Transparent Oven-Ware



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After you shave, refresh your face, cool and heal the skin by applying a small amount of

**Hinds**  
HONEY AND ALMOND  
**Cream**

Its daily use quickly brings such comfort to the skin and so greatly improves its condition that Hinds Cream becomes a necessity to men who shave themselves. *Try it.*

Send 2c stamp for samples of Cream.

At all Druggists and Dept. Stores, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c. Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

**Try Hinds Cream**  
**Toilet Soap**

Its fragrant, creamy foam softens and freshens the skin. 10c and 25c. Trial cake, 5c postpaid.

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## WANTED: AN IDEA

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of Patent Buyers.

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FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-



## A Hint

By JAMES GABELLE

If he mutters to himself in a low sinister tone,

If he refuses to take interest in the war news,

If he begins to spend money liberally,

If you hear him sharpening various instruments as you pass his house,

If he carries certain packages that look like bombs or infernal machines,

If he glances furtively over leaflets, booklets and pamphlets,

If he spends a good portion of his time drawing queer-shaped plans and designs on paper,

If he carries with him the air of one bearing a tremendous responsibility,

If, when the Star Spangled Banner is played he forgets to stand, finally jumping up with a guilty start,

If, with great care he erects what appears to be a wireless station in his back yard,

Leave him alone. He's not a German spy. He's a commuter planning his forthcoming garden.

## The Weaknesses of the Weaker Sex, Before and After Marriage

Before marriage the average man carefully takes his *fiancée* by the elbow whenever she approaches a curb-stone, and helps her over it with the greatest solicitude. Occasionally they walk together in the park; and on these occasions he clutches her arm firmly when they encounter the slightest irregularity in the road, as though fearful that she may stumble on the irregularity and break into a large number of small pieces. It is evident from his attitude that he considers her too weak to surmount any obstacle over an eighth of an inch in height without his assistance. He shows plainly by his actions that she is as delicate and as fragile as the *bisque* representation of a Dresden shepherdess. One who observes his persistence in propping her up is justified in supposing that there is something seriously wrong with her equilibrium, and that unless she is supported, she will immediately collapse with surprising thoroughness.

After they are married, the average man allows his wife to run up and down two flights of stairs several times a day without attempting to hold her up by the elbow or anywhere else. If she should demand that he clutch her arm firmly in order to protect her from harm when she balances herself in a chair and takes a can of beans from the



## The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says she's glad to see that so many of the ships go into dry docks as she supposes the sailors would be pretty likely to drink too much in places where there were saloons.

top shelf of the pantry, he would suspect her of being a trifle queer mentally. He never shows by his actions that he considers her too delicate or too fragile to dust the living room, make up the bed, run the carpet sweeper over a dozen rugs, put an extra board in the dining-room table, wash the dishes and clean out the sink. If there is anything wrong with her equilibrium after she is married, she can prop herself against a broom: her husband has no time to stand around and hold her up by the elbow.

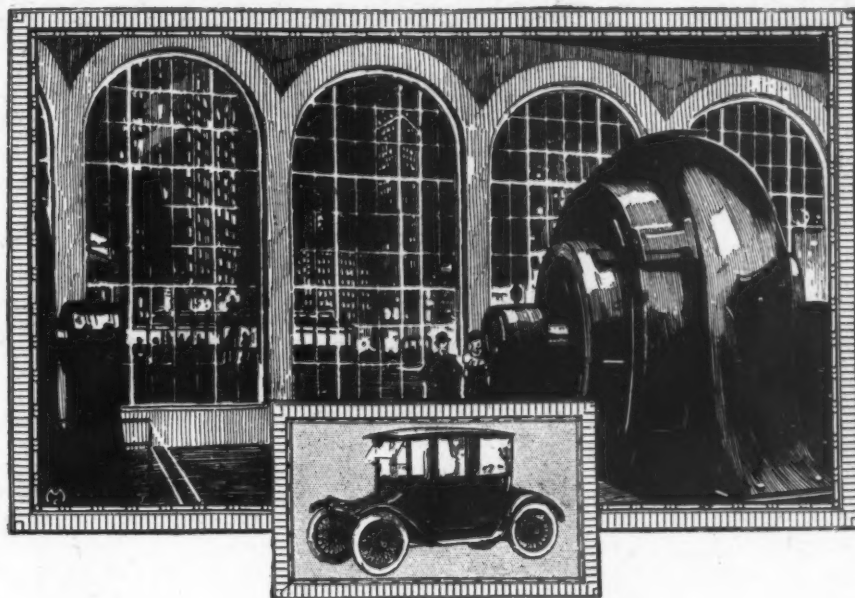
A bill to forbid public arm- and elbow-clutching on the part of the average man who strolls with a maid might do much to prevent misunderstandings and heartburnings after they have strolled to the altar together.

K. L. R.

## They Would

VISITOR: Have your employees had any experience in military training?

EMPLOYER: Well, most of them have been soldiering on the job for years.



## THE POWER THAT DRIVES BIG BUSINESS

*Efficiency! Uninterrupted Operation!* Dependable, invariable, economical power-service. That is what the great manufacturing institutions of the country must have. So they rely on Electricity—the power that drives the Detroit Electric.

If you would know motor travel in its finest form, ride in a Detroit Electric. You move a lever forward—your power is on. Silent, supple, flexible power. The car runs easily, drives straight, grips the road. At slow or high speed you ride smoothly. You thoroughly enjoy every minute, every mile. Now move the lever back—the power is off. Nothing could be more simple. You master the driving of a Detroit Electric in a single trip.

Now plus the efficiency of the electric power-plant is its freedom from need of attention. There are no frequent repair bills. No recurring “lay-ups” in the garage. There is nothing to get out of order. It is in your service practically all of the time. And there’s 80 to 90 miles of travel in each full battery charge. Prices range from \$1775 to \$2375, f. o. b. Detroit.

# Detroit Electric

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO.  
DETROIT  
MICHIGAN

(246)



(Continued from page 29)

counsel. And when the war was over and those sorry days began that were the very opposite of what their name, Reconstruction, implied, he took up the work of knitting together the dis-sundered fragments of the Democratic party to make it once more a force in the nation.

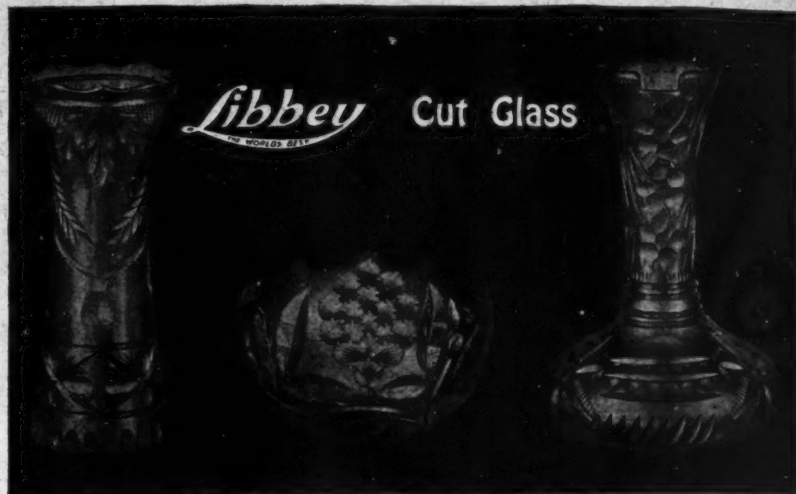
It was now in the late sixties that a menace to good government arose in Tilden's own home, engaging his attention. Known from the name of its chief William M. Tweed, a contractor, as the Tweed Ring, an organization of boodlers succeeded in obtaining control of the purse of New York City. Through the connivance of corrupt legislators at Albany, the "Tweed charter" was foisted on the metropolis. Under this, Tweed was given absolute control. Filling all city offices, he and his henchmen began putting in their own pockets sums that ranged as high as eighty-five per cent of the millions annually disbursed by the city.

An honest leader could not stomach this. And Tilden set out to break a lance against the Ring. In the eyes of many it was a wild and reckless adventure, bound to end in Tilden's discomfiture, and they attempted to dissuade him. Tweed they declared was so strongly entrenched that Tilden would be crushed. The Boss was buttressed by gangsters in every office, owned a corrupt judiciary, and had the legislature in his hand. But Tilden pushed the fight. He was quiet, unassuming, not a demagogue. There was a nasty job to be done, and he would do it.

And do it he did. Rejuvenating the New York City Bar Association, he fired it with his own spirit, and got it to take up the fight. He became elected to the legislature, and carried the battle to Albany. Those were great days, as anyone leafing over the yellowed pages of Harper's Weekly to-day and viewing the spirited cartoons of Nast, easily can discern. And Tilden was in the forefront of it all. He was the forefront.

For sixteen months the battle raged. Calumnies were hurled at Tilden; filth was flung at him; abuse was heaped upon his head. All the unbelievable, unspeakable weapons in the arsenals of men about to be kicked away from the graft on which they fattened, were brought into play. But Tilden never once swerved, although the gangsters became so desperate that it is well-authenticated his life was placed in grave danger. And when at the end

(Continued to page 34)

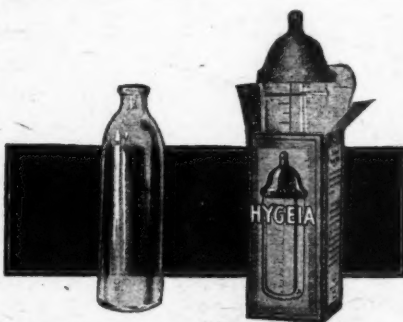


In identifying LIBBEY CUT GLASS by engraving the name-design above on each and every piece produced, we recognize a deep sense of responsibility to the generations who have been purchasing our product since 1812. In thus maintaining a never-varying standard over a period of more than a century, LIBBEY CUT GLASS can truly be said to have achieved perfection in brilliancy, in depth of cutting and in beauty of design.

*You will find Libbey Cut Glass at  
the leading dealers in every city.*

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In two years' nursing your baby will feed from a bottle 5,000 times. Suppose the bottle is clean 4,901 times. Do you want your baby to run the risk of germs those other 99 times? The Hygeia can be cleaned *clean* every time. You can trust a servant to care for the Hygeia bottle.

# Hygeia

#### NURSING BOTTLE

—neckless, as easy to clean as a glass tumbler, therefore safe and sanitary. And the rubber breast is broad and yielding, yet non-collapsible—the nearest to natural nursing possible. A bottle endorsed by physicians, nurses and thinking mothers everywhere.



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bottle, breast and carton

THE HYGEIA NURSING  
BOTTLE CO., Inc.

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## GLASTENBURY HEALTH UNDERWEAR

Protection—against chilling of the body; often a forerunner of colds, pneumonia and rheumatism.

Famous over half a century for its superior qualities.

Every garment shaped to the figure and guaranteed not to shrink.

Glastenbury Two-Piece, Flat-Knit Spring-Needle Underwear is made in fifteen grades, several weights of fine wools, worsted and merino.

Adjustable drawer bands on all except \$1.25 grade.

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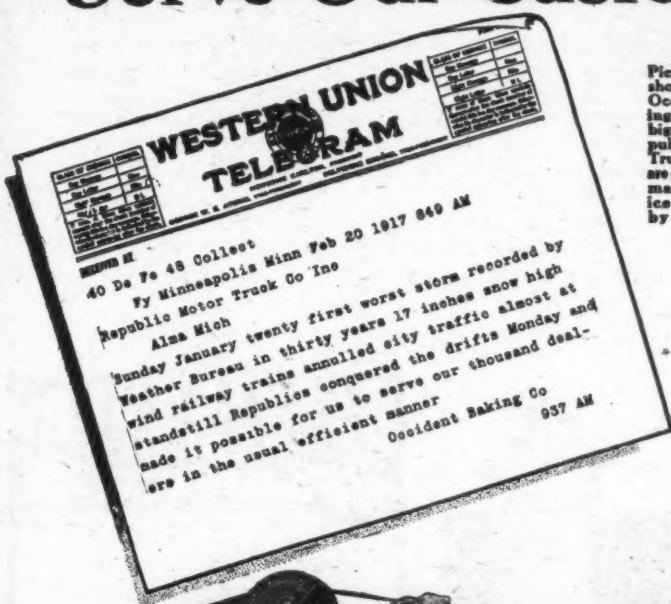
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Picture above shows part of Occident Baking Company's big fleet of Republic Dispatch Trucks which are giving the remarkable service instanced by telegram.

IT is by *extraordinary* service that Republic trucks have gained their singular reputation. Where ordinary trucks have failed—when everybody says "it cannot be done"—Republic Trucks come through. And this holds good from light delivery to the heaviest work. This, and their low first cost and low upkeep, account for the fact that over 14,000 Republic Internal Gear Drive Trucks are in use. Our output is now 75 trucks a day.

**Five Sizes:** Republic Dispatch delivery, express body, canopy top, complete equipment, \$795; with solid panel body, \$820; 1-ton, express or stake body and bow top, \$1195; 1½-ton chassis \$1375; 2-ton chassis \$1785; 3½-ton chassis \$2675. Write for catalog of model you are interested in.

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Dealers and Service Stations  
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When you dust with Liquid Veneer you *know* that your furniture will be improved and benefited, and that your piano and other mahogany will be free from cracks and that bluish "fog." You feel confident that all spots and stains will be removed from your varnished and enameled woodwork, while, *at the same time* a beautiful high polish will be imparted. You also know that since

# LIQUID VENEER

Endorsed by the  
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is the Nation's Choice—the favorite of millions of careful housewives for nearly 20 years, it *must* be unsurpassed and all that is claimed for it.

Liquid Veneer is NOT AN OIL and therefore leaves no greasy, oily film to catch dust, darken woodwork and soften the finish. It is the **SAFE** polish. Take no chances. Accept no substitutes. Protect and preserve your furniture with Liquid Veneer.

Sold by all grocers, drug, hardware, paint and furniture stores. Send for our free booklet, "The Proper Care of Your Furniture."

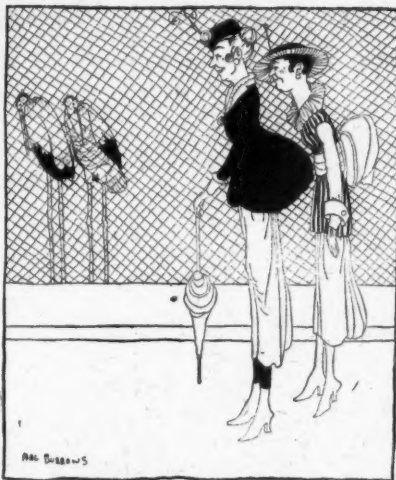
**Buffalo Specialty Company**

Buffalo, N. Y. Bridgeburgh, Ont.  
U. S. A. Canada

(Continued from page 32)

of those sixteen months the smoke of battle lifted, the Tweed Ring was utterly put to rout, the Tweed judges had been impeached, and the political corpses of the Boss and his boodlers strewed the field.

And now straight party men who had believed that in attacking Tweed, Tilden would ruin the Democratic party in New York saw a strange thing occur. Instead of sinking under Tilden's housecleaning, the Democratic party took on new strength. Despite the appeal of his personality as a Civil War leader, it unseated General Dix, the Republican governor, when he ran for re-election, and it sent a Democrat to Albany. That new executive was Samuel J. Tilden.



Don't you hate these long, thin birds?

And then, while he still ruled in Albany busied with bowling over the state canal grafters, the National Democratic Convention met at St. Louis and on June 27, 1876, nominated him for the presidency on its second ballot, although there were six other candidates in the field against him.

"Turn the rascals out," cried "Marse" Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and chairman of the convention.

And "turn the rascals out" was the cry that went up everywhere throughout the country against the deplorable administration that had vampired on the nation under easy-going President Grant. Even so staunch a Republican organ as the New York *Tribune* stated editorially that Tilden would make a good president. But, it added, it could not approve his platform. No wonder the thick-and-thin party papers could not approve that platform. As an indictment of the corrupt Grant administration it was scathing and unanswerable.

Opposed to Tilden was Rutherford

(Continued to page 36)



Front  
Lace

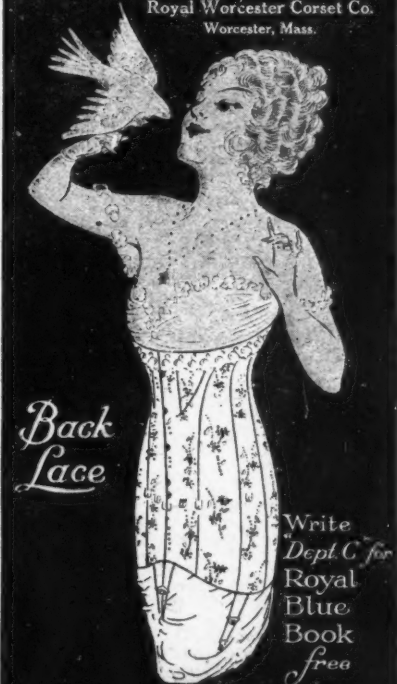
In buying corsets you naturally look first for a model that **FITS** your form. Then you make sure of the **STYLE** and **QUALITY**. In all

## Royal Worcester Corsets

these essentials are apparent, the **DESIGN** is correct, the **WORKMANSHIP** perfect, and the **VALUE** assured. There is a diversity of modes to meet every need of the average, slender, or full figure, at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50.

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Royal Worcester Corset Co.  
Worcester, Mass.



Back  
Lace

Write  
Dept. C for  
Royal  
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# HEADLIGHT

*combination*

# OVERALLS

fit right, look right  
feel right, wear right

UNION  
MADE



*"No Coat Tails to Catch  
No Buttons to Scratch"*

**LARNED-CARTER & CO., Detroit.**  
WORLD'S GREATEST OVERALL MAKERS  
FIVE FACTORIES

DETROIT — ST. LOUIS — SAN FRANCISCO  
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**I**N these days, when few fabrics are guaranteed fast in color, it is doubly important that Milady keep her gowns dry and sweet. Fastidious women are wearing

### WHITE CLOVER DRESS SHIELDS

with even their sheerest gowns. White Clover Dress Shields are little more than a film of snow-white rubber—double covered. Light, soft as silk, almost invisible, yet wonderfully efficient. They bear this mark of quality:



Made in a variety of shapes and sizes to meet every requirement. Your dealer has White Clover Dress Shields. If he cannot supply you, write us.

**THE OMO MFG. CO.**

75 Walnut St., Middletown, Conn.  
Makers of OMO Dress Shields, OMO Bias Tape, Infants' Pants, Sanitary Sheeting and Specialties.

(Continued from page 34)

B. Hayes, a former governor of Ohio. He had not figured prominently in the preliminary guesswork as to whom the Republican party would nominate. But in a field of many candidates no agreement could be reached, and he was finally nominated as a compromise choice.

Government expenses under Grant had been increased \$75,000,000 a year. Congress had raised its own salaries and that of the president. Through the collusion of treasury department officials who pocketed the graft, great distilleries had evaded the liquor tax to the extent of \$15,000,000 a year. The United States Army had been used to overawe the electorate and seat a carpet-bagger governor in Louisiana. New postoffices had been erected at every Republican crossroads. Civil service was a dead letter. Two friends of civil service reform had been expelled from the cabinet. Senators, Representatives, cabinet members had sold themselves, had levied on contractors and had appropriated public funds to their own use. There were so many defalcations of public officers that the Secretary of the Treasury violated the Constitution by refusing to report them to Congress.

All these charges were established by congressional or judicial inquiry. They formed Tilden's ammunition. And hammer and tongs he went to it.

Naturally, a public still heated by the fevers of war, when told of these facts did not remain cold. The growling note of anger that went up from all parts of the country was deep and sincere. Hearing it, the grafters trembled in their high places. And they tried to offset the coming storm. If a Republican were elected, while undoubtedly there would be some changes, there would be no cataclysmic upheaval. But if Tilden were sent to the White House, woe to the thieves!

All the power of hundreds of thou-

(Continued to page 38)



Lady: Goodness, little boy, why don't you stop that dog-fight?

"EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL MEN"—THOMAS JEFFERSON



"ALL my life every magazine I've looked into has had the picture of a man's leg with a certain kind of garter on it—Boston! So when I go into a store to buy a pair of garters I just naturally say 'Boston.' So do you!"

—AMBROSE PEALE

**Boston  
Garter**

SILK  
50  
Cents

LISTE  
25  
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*Warranted*

Gives men more service and more comfort for its cost than any other article they wear. It's put on and taken off in a jiffy and holds socks neatly and securely.

GEO. FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON

## BURNETT'S COLOR PASTES

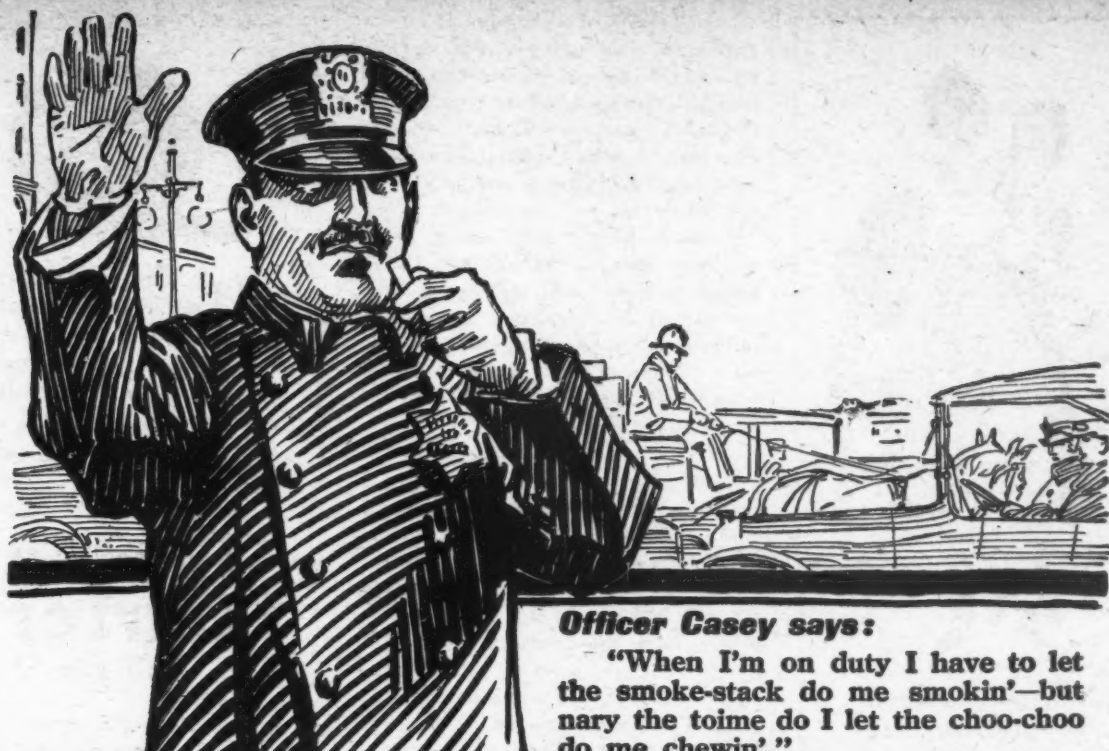
For coloring candies, cakes, frostings, jellies, ice creams and other desserts. Their use adds the dainty note of color and gives appetizing variety. Pure and harmless colors in convenient and economical paste form.

Green	Chestnut
Red	Yellow
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If your grocer cannot supply you, write us, giving his name and we will see that you are supplied. We will send also on request our 36 page recipe book giving full particulars as to using these colors.

**JOSEPH BURNETT CO.**

36 India St., Boston, Mass.



**Officer Casey says:**

"When I'm on duty I have to let the smoke-stack do me smokin'—but nary the toime do I let the choo-choo do me chewin'."

# WRIGLEY'S

## THE FLAVOR LASTS

is the companion for any and all times.

It puts work into the worker and think into the thinker. It puts the gum into gumption and makes smiles for miles.

It's wrapped tight so it keeps right. You get all its goodness, fresh, clean and full-flavored.



(Beware of imitations — none can equal the WRIGLEY quality — materials, flavor and *lasting* goodness.)

**Chew it  
after  
every meal**





(Continued from page 36)

sands of officeholders, many of whom faced imprisonment if defeated, was brought into play against Tilden. The negroes in the South had been given the vote and under Northern bayonets they were sure to vote for Hayes. This gave the leeches heart and, recalling that Democracy was not strong in the North, anyhow, they began to believe they would win, after all.

But the day of awakening came. Tilden's revelations had disgusted the sober-thinking Northern Republicans with their party. And the outrages of the carpet-baggers had alienated the white Republicans of the South. When the returns poured in it was apparent that thousands upon thousands of Republicans had voted for Tilden and that he had been swept into office on the wave of reform.

The popular vote stood:

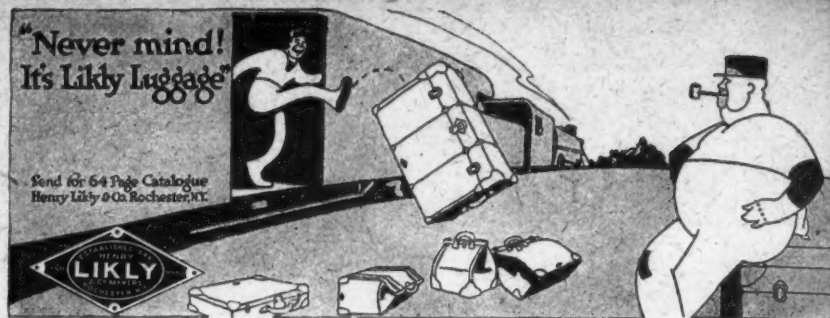
Tilden .....	4,300,816
Hayes .....	4,086,016

Tilden's majority..... 264,800

It was then, with the wild huzzas of the victorious Democrats of New York floating up to them that the editors gathered in the N. Y. *Times* office and changed the editorial that changed an election.

Zachariah Chandler, Republican National Chairman, on reaching Tallahassee, wired back for funds. "Florida needs help and aid," he telegraphed. Thousands of dollars for "help" and "aid" were sent. General Lew Wallace and Governor Noyes of Ohio went to New Orleans. Others were despatched to Charleston. The Secretary of War telegraphed orders to General William T. Sherman of Civil War fame to concentrate troops at Tallahassee. From all over the South, armed men were hastened to the capitals of South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, where the state returning boards were to canvass the vote.

Now, it must be understood, the election night returns had placed these states in Tilden's column. Why then did the conspirators attack their vote? The answer is simple. With Northern armies on the ground, the dark forces of the Republican party had a powerful instrument for control. Defeated at the polls, the conspirators were determined that Tilden must not be permitted to enter the White House and scatter them from the treasury. The Northern generals and soldiers on duty in the South were told that if the Democrats got control of the government, they would lose the fruits of their victory in the war. "As President, Tilden would



## Golf News-notes



Winter rules are a thing of the past; and the greens are smiling at the caress of the roller and the lawn-mower.

The golfer sallies forth—and he should put forth new apparel to be in tune with his surroundings.

The A & S "BALMORAL" GOLF SUIT is cut over a new model of our own; allowing freedom of swing. In various smart shades of homespun; with long trousers \$19.75 and \$22.50. Extra knickers, \$6 and \$7.50.

"Pivot Sleeve" Golf Suits; of Donegal homespuns in gray or tan. With long trousers, \$29.75; extra knickers, \$8.50.

Sports Coats of blue or green flannel, \$8.95; knitted, in blue or heather mixtures, \$9.85.

Flannel trousers, white, \$3.95, \$4.95, \$6. Gray, \$3.95.

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## Saves Hair!

60,000 barbers (using Pompeian HAIR Massage) are daily showing hundreds of thousands of men how to lose their Dandruff, and thereby save their hair.

In a short time, Pompeian HAIR Massage has gone a long way toward success, all over the country.

One day it's a Connecticut man who writes us; then an Oregon man; then a Michigan man—almost boyishly enthusiastic about Pompeian HAIR Massage removing their unsightly and dangerous Dandruff.

Pompeian HAIR Massage is a liquid, not a cream. Not sticky. Not oily. Not over-perfumed, but just as delightful to use as it is effective.

At the better barber shops in nearly every city and town. When you see a Pompeian HAIR Massage sign it means that shop is anxious to give its customers quality products.

*Pompeian HAIR Massage is made by the makers of the reliable Pompeian MASSAGE Cream and Pompeian NIGHT Cream.*

The Pompeian Mfg. Co. - Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from page 38)

favor the South," they said, "he would cancel the war debts of the Southern states, saddling them on the nation. Who knew to what lengths a triumphant Democracy might not go? Had they defeated the slavery forces in war only to turn the country over to them now?" Thus deluded, the Northern soldiers went grimly about their tasks.

Disgraceful were the scenes which followed. Negroes rose against the whites in Charleston, and the soldiers shot down several whites. Whole parishes in Louisiana which had returned overwhelming majorities for Tilden were counted out by the returning board, composed of four Republicans, two of whom were negroes. In Florida, the Republican secretary of state, as he testified later, was bribed to close his eyes by the promise of big rewards. Emoluments of various sorts were promised influential men and election officials to countenance the wholesale thefts; and later, under Hayes, they actually materialized. All the time, while the returning boards were busy throwing out Tilden votes, Northern bayonets kept the cheated down.

While this was going on in the South, however, all was not peaceful in the North. Many voices were lifted in denunciation, not the least of them those of prominent Republicans. Affairs came to such a state, in fact, that there was widespread talk of war if Tilden were not given his seat. In many a home in city and country, men got down the guns they had borne in the Civil War and looked to the priming once more. "Tilden Marching Clubs," with a grim suggestion in the title, were formed. Men knew what sort of marching old soldiers would do if called upon to seat a president.

At length the returns reached Congress for canvass. According to the Constitution, the canvass should be conducted concurrently by House and Senate. But, harried by the Republican Senate, the Democratic House finally, against Tilden's advice to its leaders, consented to a plan whereby a commission of fifteen should decide who was to be president. Five were from the Senate, five from the House, four from the Supreme bench who jointly elected a fifth. They elected a Republican. By a strict party vote of eight to seven, the last shameful scene was played out. Hayes was given Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina, and declared elected.

Even then Tilden's friends, and their number was legion, begged him not to abide by this arbitrary decision but to take the oath of office in New York and declare himself president. But

(Continued to page 40)



## Underwear That Fits

To have graceful lines and a trim figure, you can't be too attentive to the fit of your underwear. A clean-cut contour depends on it.

The woman who designed  
**"Harvard Mills"**  
*(Hand-Finished)*  
**Underwear**

had this in mind. Not a suspicion of a wrinkle, but ample fullness where fullness is needed, are two distinctive features of **"Harvard Mills."**

You can procure **"Harvard Mills"** (hand-finished) Underwear in a wide range of weights—some delightfully cool, for summer days—and in every desirable style for yourself and the kiddies.

If your dealer does not handle **"Harvard Mills,"** ask for **"Mérode,"** which is made by us along identical lines.

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Write today for "Oriental Art in Whittall Rugs," an illustrated book descriptive of the Whittall Fabrics and showing them in colors.



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(Continued from page 39)

Tilden was a sick man. His chronic ill health had been augmented by the strain through which he had been passing the last weeks. He knew that the just claim of a sick man to the Presidency was not worth risking the certainty of Civil War. The country's welfare, not personal aggrandizement, had been his aim, and he did not shrink from this last supreme sacrifice. He therefore requested his associates to accept the decision with good grace; and to the hotheads who counseled resort to arms he gave a peremptory "No." Hayes was seated; and Tilden went into that retirement from which he refused to emerge in 1880 and again in 1884, at both of which times the Democratic party implored him to be its presidential candidate.

Try as he would, he had been unable to turn aside in 1860 that civil war which he almost alone seemed to see. But if ever a man saved his country from plunging again into fratricidal strife, it was Tilden in 1876. To quote John Bigelow, his was "a distinction which, like the banishment of Aristides, the assassination of Caesar, of Lincoln and of Carnot, makes it one of the conspicuous and indestructible landmarks of history."

On the day that Hayes took the seat to which the votes of the people had elected Tilden, the latter received from Charles Francis Adams of Boston, once the Republican party's candidate for vice-president, former American minister to the Court of St. James, son of one American president and grandson of another, this letter which forever puts beyond dispute the fraud that had been practised:

"My Dear Sir:—On this day when you ought to have been the President of these United States I seize the opportunity to bear my testimony to the calm and dignified manner in which you have passed through this great ordeal. It is many years since I ceased to be a party man. Hence I have endeavored to judge of public affairs and men rather by their merits than by the names they take. It is a source of gratification to me to think that I made the right choice in the late election. I could never have been reconciled to the elevation, by the smallest aid of mine, of a person, however respectable in private life, who must forever carry upon his brow the stamp of fraud first triumphant in American history. No subsequent action of his, however meritorious, can wash away the tears of that record."



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No Animal Matter in Educator WAFERS



Many families serve Educator Wafers on their tables daily, the same as bread. Buttered as eaten, Educator Wafers make everything else taste better, and make you want to eat.

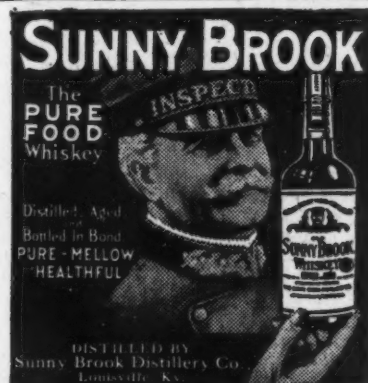
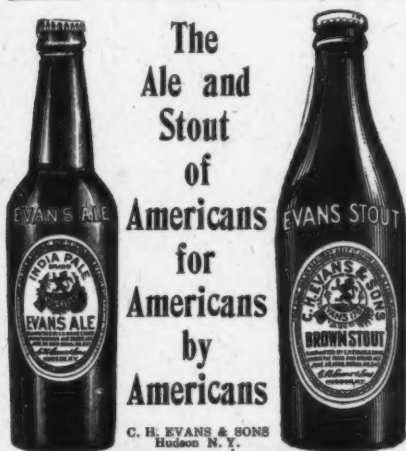
Why postpone a coming pleasure? Eventually some knowing host is going to offer you

## Club Cocktails

undiluted by shaking, with their full flavor preserved by cooling over large lumps of ice or chilling the bottle. Any one of the ten varieties properly served will show you the inimitable Club Cocktail flavor.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.**  
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Importers of the Famous  
BRAND'S A-1 SAUCE



## Music

I love to hear the chimes of bells resounding through the air. They soften many wrinkles in the hardened brow of care. They seem to say: "Forget it all, my irritated friend, For life's a peaceful journey and shall have a peaceful end." And when I hear their voices from the distant campanile I always feel inside of me the symptoms of a smile. I love to hear the hammers with their loud and busy clink. They say: "No time to theorize, to ruminate and think! The world of gross material we fashion into shapes To please the wives and children of the famous talking apes!" And when I hear the hammers with their stimulating clang I want to be a member of the worthy working gang. But best of all the noises is the reckless violin Which sings upon the scary edge of foolishness and sin. It says: "Forget your weary world of waiting and of woes And take an inspiration from your young and giddy toes." Indeed I truly love to hear the dizzy fiddle squeak And never can restrain myself when it begins to speak.

## Of Course

"How did Blanche happen to marry an optician?"  
"It was an optician that asked her."

## Atavism

"Father, what kind of boats were the rams they used so much in the Civil War?"  
"They were probably the ancestors of the ewe-boats of today, my boy."

"Marriage is a life partnership!"  
"And the man is the silent partner!"

## Cautious

"Has the defendant a record for veracity?"  
"Well, I wouldn't just exactly call it a record."

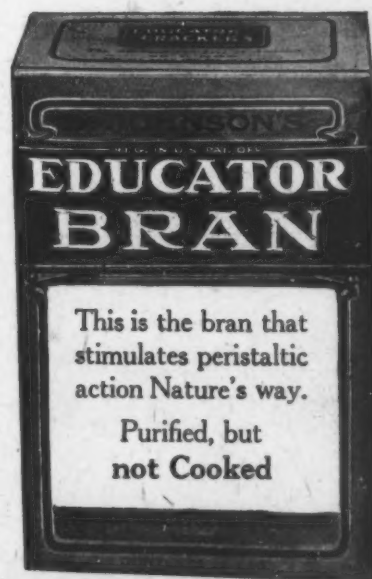
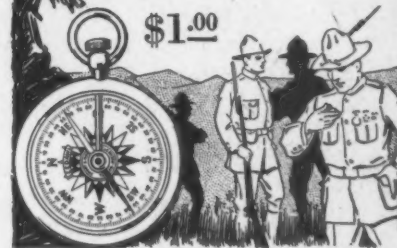
## On Scout Duty in Training Camp

—while reconnoitering or on advance guard duty in unfamiliar or wooded country, it is absolutely essential for the soldier to carry an accurate

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**Gaiety Theatre** Evenings at 8.20  
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Nights at 8.15. Mat. every day at 2.15

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DIVING VENUS **KELLERMANN**

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CHARLES FROHMAN presents

**MAUDE A KISS**  
**ADAMS FOR**  
**CINDERELLA**

J. M. BARRIE'S GREATEST TRIUMPH

**Plays and Players**

(Continued from page 18)

Never analyze thrills. Take my tip. Let 'em go, and be thankful. I refuse to analyze the thrills in "The Knife." They are many, and perhaps some of them might prove to be not quite all wool, and a yard wide. However, they are all that could possibly be expected, and I take off my hat to Mr. Walter for his totally unexpected last act, which keyed us up instead of letting us down.

Some conscientious work was displayed in "The Knife." There was Robert Edeson, returned from the "movies" and this was his expiation; there was Olive Wyndham, lamenting her ruin picturesquely, and there was Beatrice Beckley with her delightful enunciation. Lowell Sherman, barring a slightly defective diction, did capable things. As for the new Bijou Theatre, it is, without exception, the most luxurious and artistically comfortable theatre in New York. It is too nice to be called "Bijou" with all imaginable mispronunciations.

**Delay**

Delay is one of the most prominent combination blessings and curses in existence. To a man who delays a second or two in removing himself from the path of a hurriedly moving automobile, it is a curse; but to the man who wishes to purchase something that he can't afford, a small delay generally proves to be a blessing, in that it gives him time to wake up to the folly of the purchase. Any delay in taking advantage of important information will often result in a heavy loss.

At the same time, many a man has entailed heavy loss by writing a hot-tempered answer to a correspondent or making an angry retort to an irritating remark, instead of delaying until he had succeeded in controlling his temper. Haste, as is well known, makes waste. This is an argument in favor of delay. At the same time, there is another equally sapient proverb which tells us that if the dog hadn't stopped to scratch his ear, he would have caught the rabbit. This is an argument against delay.

The truth of the matter is that the arguments for and against delay are so numerous that very few men are able to make up their minds to specialize in delaying or in non-delaying. This delay in adopting a decision is doubtless responsible in large part for the all-round success of the human race.

**Puck's Confidential Guide**  
To  
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ASTOR.....Her Soldier Boy  
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Walnut at 13th  
Centrally located  
Distinctive service  
Excellent cuisine  
Room with bath, \$2 up  
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Old Overholt is a popular favorite at the best clubs in the country. It is honestly aged in the wood and bottled in bond.  
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# 586.8 Miles Through the Heart of Chicago in 24 Hours

## A Typical Chalmers Performance

At 12 noon, Monday, March 26, a stock Chalmers seven-passenger touring car with first and second gears removed, was started north on Michigan Boulevard through Chicago traffic.

At noon, Tuesday, March 27, the Chalmers was stopped at the starting point. It had gone 586.8 miles through Chicago's densest traffic. The motor had never been stopped. Nothing but high gear was used.

To prove conclusively Chalmers flexibility on high gear, the low and intermediate gears were removed from the transmission.

The car was a standard Chalmers seven-passenger touring model, complete with standard body, top and full equipment.

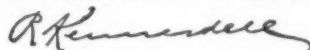
An average of slightly over 14 miles per gallon of gasoline was attained, an excellent example of Chalmers economy.

586.8 miles, through the famous congested Chicago "loop" district, is a wonderful feat. This performance on high gear is even more wonderful. It is without an equal.

It is an endorsement of the motor. It proves Chalmers reliability. It demonstrates Chalmers cooling. It shows Chalmers flexibility and perfect control. It is a new achievement.

A condensed summary of the signed certificate issued by the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, under whose supervision the test was made, is reproduced below.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the Chalmers seven-passenger car above mentioned was a fully equipped stock car. It was driven for 24 hours through Chicago traffic. Only high gear was used. The motor was never stopped during the run. The mileage obtained was 586.8 miles. The gasoline consumption was an average of slightly over 14 miles per gallon.



Chairman Contest Board, American Automobile Association.

## Some Other Chalmers Achievements

### *Chicago to New York*

On June 7, 1916, a Chalmers stock car set a new record between Chicago and New York, making the run of 1047 miles in 31 hours.

### *Giant's Despair Mountain Climb*

On October 6, 1916, a Chalmers Special captured the free-for-all event at the Wilkes-Barre hill climb on Giant's Despair mountain, winning the \$1,000 Hollenbeck Trophy.

### *Wins at Pike's Peak*

August 11, 1916, a Chalmers Special carried off first honors in the 230 cubic inch class on

the terrific grades of Pike's Peak in Colorado.

### *Detroit to Indianapolis*

On June 12, 1916, the Chalmers set a new pace over the roads between Detroit and Indianapolis, 305 miles, making the trip in 8 hours, 23 minutes.

### *Atlanta to Chattanooga*

June 24, 1916, a Chalmers lowered the best previous time between Atlanta and Chattanooga. The distance of 125 miles was covered in 3 hours, 53 minutes. This is faster than the time of the Dixie Flyer, the fastest railroad train of the south.

Touring Car, 7-passenger - \$1350  
Touring Car, 5-passenger - 1250

Touring Sedan, 7-passenger - \$1850  
Roadster, 3-passenger - - 1250

Limousine, 7-passenger - \$2550  
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(All prices f. o. b. Detroit subject to change without notice.)



**CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY**  
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**O**WNSHIP of a Maxwell Motor Car is made easy on account of the low selling price. Equipment and refinements considered, the Maxwell is one of the least expensive cars built.

But ownership implies operation, maintenance, uninterrupted service, and must include the cost thereof. It is in this latter respect that our chief claim to superiority rests.

For the well known facts are that Maxwell cars deliver exceptional mileage on a

given quantity of gasoline and oil; that, due to their light weight and scientific balance, they travel unusual distances on one set of tires.

That, by reason of the very best grade of materials and a high standard of workmanship, they require practically no service or upkeep expense.

It is easy to own a Maxwell, but what is more important, it is easy to operate it. For these reasons we commend it to your most serious consideration.

*Roadster \$650; Touring Car \$665; Cabriolet \$865; Town Car \$915; Sedan \$985, completely equipped, including electric starter and lights. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.*

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